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MARANATHA
AND OTHER POEMS
BY
THE REV. F. R. HOLEMAN

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Rev F. R. Holeman.

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Maranatha:

And Other Poems.

BY

The Rev. F. R. Holeman,

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH,
CEDAR KEY, FLA.

Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him.—St. Matt. xxv-6.

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Saint Louis.

TO the beloved ones of youth and age, and parishioners of present and former years, this little volume is lovingly dedicated by the author. F. R. H.

Go forth little book, imperfect indeed,
And do thy best work, in sowing good seed;
And grant, O My God! that nothing herein
May sink to the heart, whose fruit will be sin.

MARANATHA:

And Other Poems.

PREFACE.

This little volume is sent out into the world with modest expectations; but with the earnest hope, that it may accomplish something, however little, in preparing the world for the coming of the Lord.

F. R. H.

Maranatha.

Canto I.

Shadows.

Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth.—*Heb.* xii. 6.

I.

LEND your ear, O gentle Christian !
As at quiet evenfall,
Ancient rocks, in woodlands olden
Seem to listen in the starlight
To the distant waterfall;
Hear me as of old, the princes
Stopping in the dance to hear,
Listened to the aged minstrel
Telling some wild, moving story
Of the distant, shadowy year.
O'er his silver harp strings bending,
With a skillful touch and strong,
Till as wild winds move the forests
Were their hearts moved by the spirit
Sweeping through the tide of song.

II.

I will tell of gentle Manaen
And the lovely Mitylene,
How they lived and loved and suffered,
How afar in pain they wandered
By the cruelty of men;
And I'll sing of Jesus' Kingdom,
Of her sorrows, of her grace,
Of her oneness, when her sorrows
As the fingers of the angles
Fit her for the Prince of Peace.
For the Lord is as the Bridegroom,
Waiting aye His church beside;
And the growing into oneness,
Is the Royal Bridegroom taking
To Himself His spotless Bride;
And the endless round of feasting
When shall come the nuptial day,
Is a rapturous joy exceeding
Every yearning, prayer and pleading,
In the Spirit inward feeding
On the Life of God alway.

III.

Bright amid the hills and forests
Stood a little city fair,
Marked by glittering domes and steeples,
Where from out the churches' belfry
Pealed the daily call to prayer.

IV.

On a hill that to the southward
Rises in a robe of green,

Dwelt an old man with his loved ones,
With a sainted wife, and walking
As an angle walks with men.
Loved and honored, Alian Ruel,
Was the well-known name he bore.
Long he lived among his people,
Fond of doing deeds of mercy,
For the outcast and the poor ;
Comforting the sick and needy,
Helping in their great distress,
Laid he up his store in heaven
Daily heaping up his treasures,
By his works of righteousness ;
Seeking for the frail and erring
Who have wandered from the way,
Pressing on with gentle yearnings,
Tracing ev'ry mark and footprint
Where their wandering feet might stray.

V.

Many were the good man's riches ;
Rich in every noble deed;
All the people 'round about him
Loved him as they loved a father,
For the kindly things he did.
Yea ! he was a faithful Christian,
Not a whited sepulchre.
Love to him was real, earnest,
Was the Life, was alms and labor
Strengthened by unceasing prayer;
Was the very Life of Jesus,
Born the human soul within,
Walking in the paths of angels,

Doing good ; the Christ Life giving
To the poor, dead souls of men.

VI.

Much he had ; he knew to use it
For his own and others' good ;
Knew denial, hardness, roughness,
How a mortal's brightest jewels
Are the lost reclaimed to God ;
Knew how watching, prayer and fasting
Are the means to conquer sin,
To perfect the Life of heaven,
Might resistless, matchless graces,
In the chastened souls of men.

VII.

He was born into the Kingdom,
Born of God, by him upreared
To the full and deep conception
Of the *meaning* and *proportion*
Of the everliving *Word;*
Of the *Word*, the germ resplendent,
Whence eternal *Life* proceeds,
Life of *Life*, of God's own essence,
Giving strength to rise and follow
Where the bleeding Savior leads.

VIII.

Constant as the sun in rising,
Never failing, day by day,
Went he as a beam of sunlight
With his tender wife and daughter
To the Church of God to pray ;
Leading on with wary footsteps

All along the narrow road,
Through the darkness, traps and dangers,
Through the snares of evil angels,
To the Light and Life of God.

IX.

'Round the city, through the valley,
Flows a river bright and free,
Sparkling as the smiles of children,
Over rocks, through ancient forests,
Onward to the boundless sea.
Brightly mirrored in its bosom
Beauteous clouds moved gently on ;
In its depths, as in the heavens
Flaming stars of evening sparkled,
And in glory rode the moon ;
As within the Christian bosom
Christ the Lord, eternal Love,
With the hosts of heavenly powers
'Round about Him is the image
Of the reign of God above.

X.

In the heart as in the river
Light and beauty most are seen
When the gush of life is over,
And God's image is reflected
In the chastened souls of men.

XI.

By the river wave the forests,
And the shadows fall apace,
As beside Life's stream eternal
Shadows are, where rest the angels

Laden with the gifts of grace.
From the branches o'er its margin
Wild birds sing their sweetest lays,
Build their nests beside the waters,
Teach their eager, little nestlings,
Sweetest songs of other days.
Here they sing those songs primeval,
Aye the same and sweetly sung,
As the deep things of the Father
Coming on through generations,
Echoed down from tongue to tongue.
Brightly clad in varied plumage,
Flying through the quiet sky,
Droop they on the wing to nestle,
Choose this of all other places
As the meetest for their stay.

XII.

Calmly winds forever onward
By the rocks, the flowing stream,
By the mighty oaks and elm trees,
Through the valley, wild and lovely,
As in some enchanting dream.
From the valley, green as emeralds,
Graceful hills in verdure rise
Far above within the cloudlands,
Till they seem in gold and azure
Eden or a paradise.

XIII.

On a lawn above the river,
Where the birds at evening come,
In the center of a garden,
In the midst of shade and flowers

Stood the quiet, woodland home.
Modest, peaceful, nothing lordly,
Back upon the hill it stood,
High above the little city,
High above the winsome valley
Like a bird's nest in the wood.
O'er it ran the running roses
Mingled with the columbines,
Till the porch and eves were covered,
And the windows thickly curtained
With the branches of the vines.
In it Alian dwelt, and Mary,
And their daughter Mitylene ;
To and from it passed the angels,
And unseen, though ever present,
Walked the gentle Nazarene.
In these hearts His throne was builded,
Whence His Light was shed abroad,
Unseen spirits fair attended,
And the fondly loving household
Rested in the peace of God.

XIV.

Mary, gentle wife of Alian,
Lovelier grew as time passed on.
O'er her aged, palid forehead
Radiant graces of the Spirit
Rested as a living crown.
From her placid, Christ-like features
Beamed a lovely, heavenly grace ;
Holy thoughts like high born spirits,
Came to many a sinful bosom
Winging from her loving face.

XV.

Sweet indeed are age's wrinkles
If the cares from which they come,
Like the cares of gentle Mary
Are to seek the lost and erring,
And to bring the wandering home.
Like an angel walked this woman
'Mong the vicious sons of men,
Calling gently to the lost ones,
Twining cords of love about them,
Till they wept and left their sin.

XVI.

Alian's home was ever happy
By this gentle spirit blessed,
Ever lovely, bright and peaceful;
Here the aching heart had respite
From its strugles and unrest.
Bright as sunlight in the valleys
On the tall trees, fair and green,
Bright as morning o'er the moorland,
Making all the heavens lovely,
Was the gentle Mitylene.
Lovely were her auburn tresses
As the twilight set with stars,
As the melting shades of evening,
By the glorious light divided
Into streams and golden bars.

XVII.

White as on the lofty mountains
Is the fleecy, driven snow
Were her graceful neck and shoulders,

Fair as painters paint an angel
Winging to the world below.
Sylph-like, free, o'er lawn and woodland
Wandered she, a thing of light.
Innocent, she sang and warbled,
And along the shaded pathway
Pressed the stones with restless feet.

XVIII.

But as aye the limpid river,
Sparkling through the woodland scene,
Quiet grows, and like a mirror
Shadows back the earth and heaven,
So the life of Mitylene.
All the sweetness of the maiden
Ripened into woman's grace,
And the holy light of heaven
Was reflected back in beauty
From her peaceful, loving face.

XIX.

When the softened hues of evening
Melted into heavenly scene,
Where a cliff hangs o'er the river,
She was wont to sit at twilight
As some lovely wildwood queen.

XX.

There was one who fondly loved her,
In the little town below.
In her heart she bore his image,
And within held such sweet converse,
As no other heart may know.

Manaen Hobah in his childhood
Won the gentle Mitylene.
Their fond hearts were bound together;
Never had the princely Jacob
Truer to his Rachael been.

XXI.

They would tread life's way together,
Be it bitter, be it sweet;
Yea, they thought not of its sorrows,
Of its wounds and painful bruises,
Of the thorns, to tear the feet.
Hearts so young ne'er comprehended
Why that way is ruby red,
How the glittering jewels on it
Are the crimson blood drops flowing,
Which the wounded heart has shed;
How a way erected in us
Reaches to the realms above,
How the inner man ascendeth
Through the bitter ways of sorrow,
To the perfectness of love.

XXII.

Forty moons, and then the nuptials;
Then the starting point of life;
Then should Manaen claim the maiden,
Press her fondly to his bosom
And forever call her wife.
But, O God! Thy ways are hidden;
Fearful is the way we tread,
Could these loved ones, through the future,
Have foreseen the coming sorrows,
Would they have delayed to wed?

XXIII.

As a deacon, consecrated
To the Christ by word and vow,
Loving hands in benediction
Rested on the brow of Manaen
As the sunlight on the snow.
Twice the earth through changing seasons
Floated slowly 'round the sun
And the gentle youth advancing,
Bore the holy priestly office,
By his studious labors won.

XXIV.

Now enriched with heavenly knowledge,
With a loving heart aflame,
Yearned the glowing Life within him,
To the Western darkened red men,
Forth to bear Messiah's name.
E're the rosy light of morning
Should lead on the coming day,
Westward from his home and loved ones,
Whirling wheels should bear him onward
To his distant field away.

XXV.

As the evening sun was sinking
O'er the hills and woodland scene,
'Long the narrow, shaded pathway
Passed the youth for tender meeting
And adieu to Mitylene.
Autumn all enrobed in glory,
Bright with colors manifold

Swept along the hills and valleys,
And in touching, gave the forests
Rosy leaves and leaves of gold.

XXVI.

O'er the cliff, an aged elm tree
Stood in gold and emerald green,
Stretching out its leafy branches
As a swarthy, Indian servant
Holds her shade above the queen.
In the roots a mossy arm-chair,
Form'd by nature's skill sublime,
Seemed a throne of ages olden,
By some race, long since forgotten,
Left a relic of their time.

XXVII.

In the mossy chair reclining,
Fairer than the sylvan scene,
Weary from a forest ramble,
With a wealth of leaves about her
Slept the gentle Mitylene.
All that day her heart was troubled
With the painful thought, that when
Morning should light up the heavens,
Winged and fleet, the train unconscious
Far should bear her Manaen.

XXVIII.

Westward, where in liquid glory
Sank the sun into the night,
Heaven's pearly portals opened,

And through golden fields the angels
Seemed to move enrobed in light.
Golden clouds, as flaming chariots,
Seemed to bear them on their way,
With their silver wings extended
And their garments softly trailing,
Radiant with receding day.
Seemed they too to come as watchers,
Lest the darkness should prevail,
As the shining hosts of Jesus
Watch against the "Prince of this World,"
And the gloomy gates of hell;
As they came to guard the maiden,
All unconscious while she slept,
And as loving, sleepless spirits
Guard the Church—the Bride of Jesus—
Watch and ward around her kept,
Touching with their wings the forests,
Flooding hill and vale with light,
Beating back the coming shadows,
Lest the fair and weary maiden
Sleeping should be lost in night.

XXIX.

To the westward, by the river,
Narrow grows the rugged scene,
Where the hillsides run together,
And a path abruptly rising,
Winds the mighty rocks between.
Broken by the crags and climbing
Over ragged cliffs and bold,
Runs it where in living beauty,
From the rocks the wild vines cluster

Into wreaths of green and gold,
Like the path of life and duty,
Lovely, but most hard to wend ;
Full of labor, toiling upward,
And through many a hidden danger,
Leading to a blissful end.

XXX.

Rising from the rugged hillside,
From the narrow point below,
Dotted with great elms and cedars
Spreads a lawn, where in the springtime
Wild birds, singing, come and go.
Back a pace, the home of Alian
In its modest beauty, stood
Near the border of the forest,
Overhung with vines and flowers
And the shadows of the wood.

XXXI.

'Long the narrow, shaded pathway,
Manaen walked with thoughtful tread;
Golden leaves like winged spirits,
Moving on the wind before him,
O'er the rugged hillside sped.
Where the mossy rock was shaded
By the elm tree, tall and green,
Passed he near the root-formed armchair
Where amid the leaves reclining
Slept the gentle Mitylene.
Heeding not, absorbed, unconscious,
Moving on with downcast eye,
By his step a rock was loosened,

Which, with rapid bound descending,
Crashed the sleeping fair one by.

XXXII.

Startled by the noise, the maiden
Springing from her mossy chair,
With a frightened gaze, uncertain,
Trembling, and with heaving bosom,
Stood as stands the timid hare.
Manaen, roused as if from dreaming,
Turning, heard her startl'd cry
And beheld the frightened maiden
Looking on the vale before her,
Standing in the act to fly.

XXXIII.

With a gentle voice assuring,
Spake he to allay her fear:
I, it was, he said, whose footstep,
From its bed a rock unloosened,
All unconscious thou wast near,
As if nature would remind me
Of a presence I should own,
And that 'long our rugged pathway
God hath placed His holy angels
When we seem the most alone.

XXXIV.

Reassured, the lovely maiden
Turning with a troubled air,
Thought her of a dream of anguish,
Which had passed before her vision

Sleeping in the rustic chair.
True it is, she said, that angels
Seem to hover o'er our way,
And as startling as the crashing
Of the rock your step unloosened,
Sometimes are the words they say.
Even now oppressed and weary
From a ramble in the wood,
As I slept beneath the elm tree
Seemed to come a holy angel
Winging from the throne of God.

XXXV.

'Long the lawn and cragy hillside
All the day my feet have strolled,
Where with magic touch the Autumn
Has in leaves the topaz painted,
And the garnet set in gold.
With the gathered wealth about me,
In the mellow, softened air,
Somewhat weary from the ramble,
In the shadow of the elm tree
Sat I in the mossy chair ;
And I knew not of my sleeping
Till the noise my slumber broke,
When, as one is glad escaping
From some overwhelming danger,
Startled, from the dream I woke.

XXXVI.

In my sleep I seemed to ramble
O'er the hillside gathering leaves,
And to thee, as now beside me,

From afar, I sought to bring them
As the farmer brings his sheaves.
Up and down the hills I wandered,
By the rocks, all free from fear,
Gathering leaves that moved before me
As the hosts of ruined spirits
Driven from the succor near.

XXXVII.

Long I gathered up my treasures
And beside thee laid them down,
While with wondrous skill thy fingers
From the fairest and the brightest,
Wove a beauteous, queenly crown.
Then I thought that o'er the nations
Christ the Lord in peace did reign,
That the golden wealth I gathered,
Woven by thy ready fingers,
Was to crown the Church His queen.
Then with gladdened zeal I wandered
Through the forest everywhere,
As I gathered priceless jewels,
Tinted by the touch of heaven,
For the Bride of Christ to wear.

XXXVIII.

When through deep'ning shades I wandered
Farthest from thy side away,
Lo! the azure sky was darkened,
And a dreadful gloom, appalling,
Shut me from the light of day.
Chasms yawned about my footsteps,
Where no ray of light was shed,

All bewildered, in the darkness,
Death, or danger seemed to threaten
Any way my feet might tread.
Loud upon the raging tempest,
Winged with anguish, rose my cry,
Loud the winds as angry demons
Raved in fury, screamed and shouted,
As they heard and sent reply.

XXXIX.

Then I thought that thou wouldst seek me,
And through all the dreadful night,
'Neath a mighty rock I cowered,
Peering through the fearful darkness,
Waiting, watching for thy light.
Yea! with folded hands, beseeching,
Down I fell upon the sod
Praying for thee and thy coming,
Till my wailings winged and rapid
Reached the distant throne of God.

XL.

Then, anon in heavenly beauty
By me stood a radiant form;
In his light the darkness vanished,
And the power of his presence
Stilled the fury of the storm.
In his eyes were love and meekness,
But his glittering form was flame,
And the glory of his visage
With a sense of sin and weakness
Filled with fear my trembling frame.

XLI.

Down upon the earth before him,
Pulseless as the pallid dead,
Full of fear, in bitter anguish,
Overcome with awe, and speechless,
Prostrate at his feet I laid;
Then he touched me, and in glory
Of the blush of closing day,
Lo! I saw thee as a Bridegroom
With beloved ones about thee
Coming down the lighted way.
And the angel said unto me:
"Thus shall Manaen be restored
And thine eyes shall rest upon him,
When illumined by the Spirit,
Thou shalt see the Christ the Lord."

XLII.

Then it was thy passing footstep
Loos'd the rock from out its bed,
And the noise of its descending
Roused me, and from sleep awaking,
Passed the vision from my head.
And there now remains a sorrow;
All my heart is filled with fear
That thy going is forever;
That mine eyes shall not behold thee
Till the coming Christ is here.

XLIII.

But the Christ is never absent—
Answered Manaen—by the side
Of the daughter fair of Zion

Has He waited through the ages
For his well beloved Bride.
But about her, gloomy, dreadful,
Midnight darkness has prevailed.
She, o'erwhelmed with fear, forgetful
Of His presence, in her anguish
Has an absent Lord bewailed.

XLIV.

He is spirit and His presence
By no eye of flesh is seen.
Through the dark and troubled ages,
As the wind blows where it listeth,
Moves He through the hearts of men.
By His Light He lifts the shadows,
As the dawning of the day,
While the dreadful forms of evil,
Moving on the wings of darkness,
Pass forevermore away.
By His presence Life eternal
Springs the human soul within;
And the Life, with might resistless
Overcomes the death within us,
Lifts the fallen race from sin.

XLV.

Through this Life we grow in oneness
With the everliving Lord.
Thus is wrought the great Atonement:
Through Her oneness with the Bridegroom
Holy Church is One with God.
Quickened souls behold Messiah
As a warrior clothed in Light,

Driving from the sleeping nations
All the dreadful forms of evil
And the shadows of the night.
Oh! that holy church could see Him
From the East unto the West
Flashing as the lightning flashes,
But the eagle-visioned only,
Can perceive the coming Christ.

XLVI.

Thus to me thy dream betokens
Naught of anguish, naught to fear;
But, that now our eyes are holden,
And that thou with spirits vision
Soon shall see the Savior near;
That the time is now upon us
When the Church shall see the Christ,
When all nations, bound together,
Shall forever and forever
Be enfolded in His breast.

XLVII.

May the loving Father grant it,
Said the gentle Mitylene;
But I fear, thou going from me
There shall come some fearful sorrow
As a gulf to roll between;
That a dreadful storm uprising
Shall the lowering sky o'erspread,
And the raging of the tempest,
Filling all my life with shadows
Burst in fury on my head.
Even now o'er all our country

Clouds are rising in the sky,
Making princely statesmen tremble,
And their gloomy forms betoken
Woes unknown and dangers nigh.

XLVIII.

Spirits from the realms of darkness
O'er the nation's councils reign,
And the sable Prince of evil
Moves among them and his forces
Are not marshalled oft in vain.
O, My Country! Hope of Nations!
Beacon for the bound to see!
May the Father send His angels
And forever from thy heavens
Drive the dark'ning gloom away.

XLIX.

Though thy dream distress betokens,
Troubles pass and then are o'er,
Said the youth, and when departed
Thou wilt be restored unto me
And the Christ reign evermore.
God is good. Then come the sorrows
Which shall try the hearts of men.
It is blessedness supernal
For our eyes to see the Bridegroom
Coming with His Bride to reign.
To His own God sends no sorrow
Which He gives not strength to bear.
When He leads us through the furnace,
By the flame He purifies us,
And Himself walks with us there.

L.

Trials are the angel's fingers
Burning from the throne on high,
Bearing costly, priceless jewels,
When the heart from sin is cleansed,
All the Life to beautify.
We can trust a love so perfect
As the boundless love of God.
Though it be in flame to try us,
It is but to purify us,
And His Holy will is good.

LI.

Now through pearly gates departing
Moved the trailing robes of light,
While o'er hill and vale advancing,
Holding up the star of evening,
Came on silent wing the night.

LII.

Alian Ruel sat dejected
On his porch, his mate beside,
Pondering some evil tidings,
Anxious lest for home and country
Sorrows dread and woes betide ;
When advancing through the garden
Manaen came with Mitylene,
Laden with the wealth of Autumn,
Leaves of gold and royal purple,
Nature's rubies set in green.

LIII.

But each loving heart was saddened,
E'en the gentle Savior's light
Seemed to sink behind the hilltops,
As the glowing sun departing
Sinks into the gloom of night.
Anxious thoughts upon each forehead,
Came with many shades of care,
As the wings of some dark spirit
Hovered o'er the loving household
And malignant lingered there.

LIV.

Oh! how strange! said Alian Ruel,
That within us there should be
Spirits vision deep, unfathomed,
Eyes with strength to look through heaven,
Yet with these, men do not see.
Vast in number, mights and powers
Beat us with incessant wings,
Move upon life's hidden currents,
As the wind upon the ocean,
Or as sounds on beaten strings.
Yea, they pass and lightly touching
With their wings some hidden cord,
Fill the soul with light from heaven,
Till we tremble as the aspen,
And in rapture, look on God.
Winging down through generations,
Through the struggling mass of men
Touch they loving hearts and form them
Into that eternal Kingdom
Where with Christ, God reigns in men.

Yet, the herd of men as cattle,
Weary and unconscious, plod.
Brushed by passing wings of angels,
Stupid, *thoughtless*, *unperceiving*,
Through the dwelling place of God.

LV.

Darker powers, cruel, sleepless,
Formed for purpose vast and high,
Move through hidden ways, as serpents,
By their fangs make known their presence
When the woe designed is nigh;
Or they enter through life's currents
To the presence of the soul,
Through the secret ways unguarded,
And by subtile spells, resistless,
Win the heart and gain control.

LVI.

Through the highways of the Kingdom
Of the everliving God,
March they on as Roman cohorts,
And God's temple in our bosoms,
By their daring feet are trod;
Or they move abroad as tempests,
Through the multitudes of men,
Sweeping over mighty nations,
Driving them in fury, beating
As the winds beat on the main;
As the tempests hurl the ocean,
Wave on wave, against the shore,
Hurl they vast and well drilled armies
'Gainst the bulwarks of the nations,
Unrelenting evermore.

LVII.

For some hidden purpose, powers
Marshalled thus with peerless skill,
Sway the thoughtless of our people,
Who unknowing and unwilling,
Work through life the Father's will.
War shall sweep our wretched country
As the storm sweeps o'er the main,
We shall see in wreck and ruin,
How that subtile, unseen spirits
Rule the destinies of men.

LVIII.

Soon our ears shall hear the bugle
And the beating of the drum ;
These shall be to us the voices,
Which shall reach our startled spirits
When the hosts of darkness come.
But when spirits strive the victors,
Rise aloft o'er fields of blood,
Trample chains and broken fetters,
And above the crimson ruin
Build the Kingdom of the Lord.
Wrong may triumph for a moment ;
In the end it ever fails,
While as light dispels the darkness
Over every form of evil,
Evermore the right prevails.

LIX.

Thus in sadness passed the evening ;
Every heart oppressed with care.
Anxious thoughts as from the darkness

Came to every loving bosom,
And in silence brooded there.
Fond adieus with apprehension,
From unwilling lips, were passed,
While forebodings of disaster,
Like the threat'ning clouds of summer,
In their hearts their shadows cast ;
And the gentle loving maiden,
Weeping and by fear oppressed,
Breathing earnest prayers to heaven,
Stood with marble head reclining
Sadly on her loved one's breast.

LX.

When the rosy wings of morning
O'er the hills and forests spread,
Manaen on his loving mission,
Full of noble Christ-like yearnings,
As on wings of lightning sped.
And his heart refused to listen,
While within in mornful strain,
Spoke his thoughts of coming anguish,
How the years should pass as ages
E're the loved he meet again.

Maranatha.

Canto II.

The War.

Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars.—*Matt.* xxiv. 6.

I.

Now there came a time of anguish
As no living eye had seen;
Cruel spirits, formed for evil,
As a flood swept o'er the nation,
Through the angry hearts of men.
In the gloom of gath'ring tempests,
Princely men, who knew not fear,
Labored to avert the danger,
Came together, as the heroes
Gather when the foe is near.
Alian's household, meekly conscious
Of impending grief and woe,
Faithful, worked among God's people
All intent the living Gospel,
As the seed of life to sow.

II.

But the country's sky was darkened.
Many a strange, mysterious form
Moved unseen in dreadful power,
Lowered o'er the face as shadows
Of the fierce, impending storm.
Subtle, wroth, the prince of darkness,
Spread his wings upon the blast,
Stirred the hearts of sinful people,
Swept unto the western ocean,
North and South and East and West.

III.

Some there were who saw him rising,
And proclaimed him far and wide;
But to Spirits men are blinded,
Though they flood the world and sweep it
As an angry ocean tide.
Men who weigh in scales the heavens,
Measure worlds and map the sky,
Seeing, see not, while God's legions
Onward in their mission speed them
Through the azure depths on high.

IV.

Deathless spirits dwelling in us,
Swaying every race of men,
Ruling in affairs of nations,
Guiding endless generations,
With but leaden eyes are seen.
Great men think that kings and statesmen
Bring on war and make the peace;
That the forces of destruction
Whirling on in wreck and ruin,

At their wilful bidding cease;
And they know not of *these powers*
Dwelling in the heart unclean,
Sweeping downward through the ages,
That with single aim unerring
Guide the destinies of men.
Drive the world with whips of scorpions,
Make of words a flaming sword,
Leading on through lust the millions,
While behind the whole unfathomed,
Is the unknown will of God.

V.

So the fiend with darkened pinions,
Through the crowds of maddened men
Moved the mass as winds in summer
Gather angry clouds and drive them
Onward o'er the surging main.
Wildly, wildly did he sway them
As the waves by tempests borne,
'Till a thoughtless, self-willed people
Riven with opinions varied
Raged as breakers 'round Cape Horn.
Mighty armies led by Spirits
Thinner than the yielded breath,
Stronger than the wrath of tempests
Moved along the nation's highways
In the dreadful march of death.

VI.

Not a home but bitter anguish
In some gastly shape was there;
Want and woe, some dying loved one,
Or the shadowy form that rested

Ever in the vacant chair.
And the hosts that stood as barriers
'Gainst the shell and burning shot,
Firm against advancing legions,
Thinking of their homes and loved ones,
Faced the foe and fainted not.
While around beleagured cities,
Brazen guns with sulph'rous breath,
Roaring as ten thousand demons,
To their tender and beloved ones
Sent on wings grim words of death.

VII.

Then the smoke of burning cities
Rose in lurid blackness high;
Loud the bitter cries of anguish
From the weak and helpless rising
Pierced beyond the distant sky.
Lovely matrons, stainless virgins,
Strangers to the touch unclean,
Sinking as a fading flower
Died with broken hearts, dishonored
By the brutish lust of men.
Blood from arms too weak and aged
For the labor of defence,
Stained the shameless swords of soldiers;
Fathers in the sight of loved ones
Murdered, died without offence.
Homes 'ere long so bright and happy
Burned to cinders in the flame,
And the glow along the heavens
Seemed the blushes of the angels
For the blot on freedom's name.

VIII.

Homeless, wretched, some were driven:
Wand'rers strange lands within;
Some were worn away in prisons;
Some by shameless sale of virtue
Bought their freedom by their sin.
All these wrongs, these woes and sorrows
At the last will rise again.
Vain attempt 'twould be to tell them;
As a fearful, horrid vision
Shall they meet the gaze of men.
Let us then in peace forgetful
Hide them; throw love's mantle o'er;
Shut them from the aching vision;
Pray that God will lift His people,
That they learn to war no more;
That the havoc of the sabre
And the cannon's roar shall cease;
That the Kingdom of Messiah
Spreading over all the nations
Shall forevermore bring peace;
That the love of God may guide us
Through the cycle of the years,
And forever from all faces
Move the drooping wings of sorrow
And the burning flow of tears.

IX.

THE MISSION.

Far away into the Southwest,
Where the red men dream of blood
Manaen Hobah, loving, youthful,

Through the forests sought their rude huts
With the blessed Word of God.
In a grand majestic wildwood,
Hidden by the solemn shade,
Near a lovely, limpid river,
With the dwellers of the forest,
All alone his home was made.

X.

On a lofty rock that towered
O'er the vale, the town and flood,
Built of logs hewn by the wild men,
Piled in tasty, rural beauty
Stood the little church of God.
From the forest came the red men,
From the town the people all
To the modest, rustic temple,
As to Mar's Hill came from Athens
Those who listened to St. Paul.

XI.

Manaen labored daily with them
As a teacher in a school;
Not in preaching polished sermons,
Full of wit and classic beauty,
Labored, studied, made by rule;
Rich in fancy, bright, poetic,
For the finer sense of men.
Soaring upward as an eagle
Far above the common people
Plodding in a world of sin;
Full of sound, of gesture, action,
Wordy pictures for the weak,

Which the simple take for Gospel,
Look upon as things of wonder,
As a little god did speak;
Preached as crystal snowflakes falling
On the crowded, sloppy street,
Flashing in the air a moment,
Melting, or unnoticed, trodden
By the heedless, trampling feet;
Preached as if the gifted preachers
Knew not of the Christ as King,
Of His Kingdom built within us,
Of the virtues, mights, and powers
Plying ever on the wing;
Knew not of the inner being,
Endless Life, Eternal Love,
Of the Living Christ begotten,
Growing in His perfect image
In the *Life of God Above*,
Knew not how the soul is saved
From the rule of death and sin,
How the Kingdom is within us,
And that God and all the Angels
Dwell the loving heart within.

XII.

Not by tableaux, sacred concerts,
Suppers, grand bazars and fairs
Thought he to build up the kingdom,
Built of living stones and precious,
Wrought by labors and by prayers;
Not by sweetly warbled solos
Sung for gold and not for God,
Sung as if the heavens degraded

To the vileness of man's level
Waited ready to applaud.
Well he knew, though others knew not,
Hard to learn—that far away,
Loved, adored in worlds unnumbered
God regardeth not the worship
Sung by sinful lips for pay.
Not by him were wealthy sinners
Honored merely for their gold ;
For he wept to see in Zion
Men who would betray and sell her
As the dying Lord was sold,
Men who rent the pews for lucre:
Sexton's, choir's, priest's reward;
And within the light of heaven,
With their monkeys and their organs
Grind before the throne of God.

XIII.

Means by faithless men invented,
Used the gaping crown to win,
Gloss and gewgaw to attract them,
To amuse but not to bless them
Entered not his heart within.
Yea, to him the holy Gospel
Was *glad tidings* of Christ's reign,
Joyous news of Jesus' Kingdom,
Growing up in heavenly beauty
In the new born souls of men.
Faith was but the heart's reception
Of the tidings brought by Christ,
Of the everlasting Kingdom,
By the *word* and *Holy Spirit*
Growing in the human breast.

XIV.

Lo ! the Church has now forgotten
That the *life* by Jesus brought,
Is to faithful men committed
Through the *word by perfect teaching*,
Line on line as Jesus taught;
That the word embodies Spirit ;
That a life is born within ;
That the word by Christ committed
Is the living form of spirit ;
Is Himself conveyed to men ;
That the way of life is hidden,
And the straight gate hard to find.
They must see who guide us to it ;
Untaught men can not be teachers,
Nor the blinded lead the blind.
Oh! The shame! That Christ hath sent us
Every poor, dead soul, to reach,
While despite the high commission
Through the years of midnight darkness
Holy Church hath failed to teach;
Or in teaching, teacheth vaguely.
Deepening, aye, with mists the night,
Till the famished soul, bewildered,
Falls or wanders through the darkness
Further from the Way of Light.

XV.

"Come and learn from me, my people!"
Manaen said, "for, lo! I bring
From the very courts of heaven
Tidings of Messiah's Kingdom;
Of the presence of the King.

Of that peerless, heavenly Kingdom,
By the prophets long foretold,
Symbolized in mystic worship,
Pictured forth in glowing visions,
From the shadowy times of old.
I will tell how round about us,
Fair and glorious, though unseen,
Move the living, princely powers
From the pearly gates of heaven,
Through the chastened hearts of men."

XVI.

God Himself is *Love* eternal,
And the winged hosts that move
Through the glittering worlds unnumbered,
Peerless, deathless and persistent,
Are the powers of His Love.
He is *Life* and Spirit's essence;
Without body, parts, or form,
Is the Life that filleth all things;
Moves the circling hosts of heaven,
Guides the earthquake and the storm,
Quickens thought, gives secret impulse,
Drives the sap through leaf and tree,
Paints the hues of morn' and even',
Through the hidden, pearly caverns,
Drives the currents of the sea,
Shaping ends, adjusted wisely,
For some grand design unknown,
Making all the heavenly forces
Moving in their sep'rate channels
Work as many parts of one;
Driving from the worlds of heaven
Him whose being is to mar

Love and Truth and heavenly oneness,
For against this form of evil
Angels and Archangels war.

XVII.

Love-made flesh is God incarnate,
Jesus, of the Virgin born,
Root from out the stem of Jesse,
Star arising out of Jacob,
Resting on the brow of morn'.
This is He, the World's Messiah,
Holy *Prophet*, *Priest and King*—
Love made flesh to flesh imparting
Love, to be our Life forever,
Is the tidings that I bring,
Is the *Gospel* of the *Kingdom*,
For the living Christ shall reign
By the heavenly hosts attended,
As Jerusalem descended,
Rising in the hearts of men.
As the wind blows where it listeth,
So by teaching, day by day,
In the bosom of God's children
Rise the bulwarks of that Kingdom
Which shall never pass away.
Holy Church is the expression,
Outward, of what is not seen,
Of that everlasting Kingdom
Which the Lord of Life and Glory
Buildeth in the hearts of men.

XVIII.

They, the Sent, who preach the Gospel
Sow the living *Word* as seed;

They, who in their hearts, receive Him,
By the Life proceeding from Him,
Speak their deep Faith in the Creed.
For the *Gospel* is "glad tidings."
And the *Creed*, the "I believe;"
And the endless *Life* that springeth
From the germ of heavenly knowledge
Is the Love God's Children Live.

XIX.

This is *Life and Resurrection*;
Is the real Paschal Blood,
That which flowed upon the altar,
Was the symbol, plain and perfect,
Of the endless *Life of God.*
They, who in this world of sorrow,
Shall this heavenly Life receive;
Shall not die, but live forever,
As within the Worlds unnumbered,
All the hosts of heaven live.

XX.

In this Kingdom is a priesthood,
Pure in heart, with snowy vest;
Like Melchisadec of Salem,
In this priesthood, as a body
Ministers the living Christ;
Priest forever and forever,
Yea. A Prophet, Priest and King:
As a Prophet, Life imparting,
As a Priest, through Life atoning,
Reigning in the Life, a King.
Judging men in daily trial

By their strength to do and bear,
Wreathing from the thorns that pierce them—
In the strife—the crowns of glory
Which forevermore they wear.

XXI.

In a glowing, living temple,
Built of precious stones and tried,
Working still the great atonement,
Sprinkling *Life*, the *Blood* celestial,
Ministers the Crucified.
Burning from His inmost bosom,
Winged with flame, the Living Word,
As the seed of Life eternal,
Sinking in the heart receiving
Grows into the Life of God.

XXII.

And the saved are born of water;
Symbol of the cleansing Wave,
Of the washing of God's Spirit,
Of the cloven flame that cleanses,
And alone from death can save.
But the Life comes not from water;
Water is the open door;
Through this door, the soul begotten,
Enters Christ's eternal Kingdom,
And is born forevermore.
If we bring our little children
Through this door, ere yet the Seed
Of eternal Life be planted,
They are born—the Life upspringeth
And finds utt'rance in the Creed.
They, ere yet they know the power

Of the flesh and sleepless foe,
Shall receive the Life within them,
And into the perfect image
Of the Lord of Life may grow.
They shall yearn for heavenly manna,
Bread that cometh from above,
And expanding by the feeding,
Show themselves the born of heaven
By their tender deeds of love.

XXIII.

They who love their dead may bring them
Through this door unto the King.
From His lips the Life shall reach them,
And the Spirit's touch shall quicken
All their loving hearts may bring.
He is Life and Resurrection.
They are dead who have no love.
Where He is, the Spirit quickens,
And the Life thus born, becometh
One with all the Life above.

XXIV.

From the living Christ the Spirit
Through the Bishop's blessing flows,
And the inner Life unfoldeth
Into grace and heavenly beauty,
As the opening of a rose.
Life is energy and power;
Life Divine is Love most true;
Life that Jesus died to give us
Is the strength by which the weakest,
Noble deeds of Love may do;
Is the strength to toil and suffer

For a fallen brother's good;
Strength to triumph over evil,
Bringing both ourselves and others
Into *oneness with the Lord.*

XXV.

He who gave the Life unto us
Bids us watch and fast and pray,
Lest the feet unused to hardness
Through the snares of evil angels
Turn aside and miss the way.
Life eternal, grows by feeding,
Endless Life, on deathless food.
They who would abide forever
Cannot live, *except by feeding*
Daily on the Life of God.

XXVI.

Slain for men from everlasting,
Was the Lamb on whom we feed.
They who bear the Christ within them,
Feed upon Him, in the Spirit,
Eat the Paschal Lamb *indeed.*
He who looked on Jesus walking
Said, "Behold the Lamb of God!"
Of the Paschal Lamb while eating,
Jesus said, *This* is *My* body!"
Of the *Life*,* "*This* is *My* blood."
He, indeed the *Bread of Heaven*
Is the *Lamb* on whom we feed.
For the *Truth* by Him committed
Is the *Bread* that came from heaven.

*The blood and the wine, were both symbols of the Divine Life.

Body which is "meat indeed."
Yea! The blood the High Priest sprinkled
On the lintel of the door,
Was the life and so the symbol
Of that Life through which we enter
Into rest forevermore.

XXVII.

They who feed, must feed in spirit ;
Reach the heavenly food by prayer ;
Keep the way of Life by watching ;
Lift the soul into God's presence ;
Feed upon His essence there.
Bread and Wine of old were symbols
Eaten with the Paschal Feast,
Taken when the Lamb was eaten,
Meant to show that in our feasting
First we feed upon the Christ.
Blood is of the Life the symbol ;
Wine is symbol of the blood.
Bread is Truth that came from heaven,
Truth in which the Life abideth
As the very Blood of God.

XXVIII.

With the Christ unseen and noiseless
Is a radiant, sleepless train,
Shining in the light of heaven,
Moving with a might resistless
'Gainst the hidden foes of men.
Living souls by them uplifted
In their snowy vestments bright,
Rise aloft through all the ages

As the gathering stars of heaven.
Sparkling o'er the sky at night.

XXIX.

But, athwart the way that leadeth
Unto Life and Peace and Rest,
In a region thick with darkness,
Reigns with death the Prince of this World,
As the dreadful Antechrist.
Here his minions, thin and subtile,
Daring, crafty and unseen,
Sleepless, watchful, wise as serpents,
Make their cruel habitations
In the thoughtless hearts of men.
There they bind the soul with fetters
Which no eye of flesh may see ;
Lead mankind, unthinking, stupid,
And from Life and endless blessing
Turn their stumbling feet away.

XXX.

Through the Kingdom's courts they wander,
Where the false are named for God,
And the heartless priests and rabble,
Through all coming time descending,
Crucify for aye their Lord ;
Tear the holy church, His body ;
In it pierce again His breast ;
Turn with hidden wiles the people,
And into eternal darkness
Lead them from the Life of Christ.
Yea! They make themselves a priesthood,
Touched of hell and set aflame.

In the hate, the life of devils,
In its zeal, to darkened nations
Bear they *Death* in Jesus' name.

XXXI.

And they raise against Christ's altars,
Altars in the name of Christ.
Where God's priests go with the "tidings"
Of the Life and of the Kingdom,
Go the priests of *Antechrist*.
Bold, they teach what Jesus taught not;
Loud, the Holy Church deride.
He who mocked and scourged the Savior
Hath no tender touch of pity
For the sorrows of the Bride.

XXXII.

But the Living Word unweary,
Through the darkness of the night,
Full of Love, alert and sleepless,
'Gainst the gloomy force of evil
Leads the heavenly hosts in fight.
Where the poor soul in her bondage
Feels the galling of her chain,
Weeping in her bitter anguish,
In the terror of the darkness,
There He leads His glittering train,
Where the blessed Light descending
Falls *upon* the open door;
Where alone she waits and watches.
At her cry the Savior enters,
And abides, forevermore.

XXXIII.

All along the ways and byways,
Hosts on hosts these souls arise,
Shining in the train of Jesus.
Back through all the bygone ages,
Through the temple of the skies.
Thus the nations shall be gathered
From the rule of death and sin;
High above the tops of mountains
Shall arise the endless Kingdom,
And the ransomed dwell therein.
In the time e'en now upon us,
Through the nations there shall be
Blazing in a flood of glory
Holy Light, the light of heaven,
Which the quickened soul may see.
Even now the Angel's trumpet
Soundeth on the midnight air,
And the beating wings of Spirits
Move above the sleeping nations
In their radiant beauty fair.
Yea! Behold the Bridegroom Cometh,
And the holy church beside
Waiteth till the angel's fingers
With the fairest gems of heaven,
Have adorned His beauteous Bride.

XXXIV.

As the gentle, loving teacher
Of the heavenly Kingdom taught,
Sleepless rose the forms of darkness,
Skilled in every art of evil,
And against his teaching, fought.

Some were there to scorn and hate him,
As were some to hate the Lord;
Who reviled the truth he taught them;
In the person of the servant
Spurned the Everliving Word:
Called him bigot, godless churchman,
And the church they called "the Beast."
Yea, the preachers from their pulpits,
Spoke against the youthful teacher
As he were the Antechrist.
"Yea!" they said, "this godless churchman
Vital piety hath none;
He unchurches other churches,"
All forgetful they that Jesus
Hath but one church, only one.
Yea! this is His living body,
Through it runs His Life Divine,
If from this they have departed,
Who can more than this unchurch them,
Cut them from the living vine."

XXXV.

Wroth, they called the Church of England
"Harlot," "Beast," a "Branch of Rome;"
For they knew not that her Bishops,
With a holy, high commission
From the living Christ have come;
That her white-robed lines unbroken
Are a network, not a chain,
Running through the sinful nations.
As the "NET" that Jesus spoke of,
Woven for the souls of men.
Knew not how, from out her bosom,

Holy bishops forth were sent,
Long before the lawless Roman
Ever set his daring footstep
On the rocky shore of Kent;
Knew not how old England struggled
For the very faith they claim,
How her Lauds, her Ridleys, Cranmers,
Numbered with the hosts of martyrs,
Died the death to keep the same,
How, in wounds and pain, they wrung it
From the Roman's bloody hands,
How, with bleeding hearts, her children
Hold it up, a thing of beauty
For the lighting of all lands.

XXXVI.

Some there are whom truth, devotion,
Love and duty never win.
Satan, in the garb of heaven,
Ever findeth easier access
To the poor, weak hearts of men.

XXXVII.

They, who hated Manaen Hobah,
Zealous, cruel, sought his fall,
As the forty men in compact,
Bound themselves in secret conclave
For the ruin of St. Paul.
Woe! to them, unloving, wayward,
Who, in maddened zeal, would tear,
In the name of Christ, His Kingdom,
Rend the Church, the seamless garment

Woven for the Lord to wear.
Yea! before the King of Israel,
For the child the two complain,
She, the *mother*, yearned unto it,
But who feigned to be the mother,
Would have had it rent in twain.

Maranatha.

Canto III.

The Woodman.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—*Heb.*, xiii 2.

I.

Now the war was wildly waging
O'er the country far and near;
Through the towns the tramp of soldiers,
And the noisy shock of battle
Filled the aching heart with fear.
Words of love from absent dear ones
Often came by trusty hand
Through the hostile lines of soldiers,
As if borne by unseen Spirits
Through the dangers of the land.

II.

Once at eve a rugged woodman,
Seemingly distressed and poor,
Worn and weary from the distance,
As he came to ask for lodging

Stopped at Alian Ruel's door.
'Round the hearth the loving household
Sat with anxious hearts oppressed.
Binea Hobah fearing evil
Had detained the pen of Manaen,
For the evening was their guest.

III.

Knocking gently stood the woodman,
With a weary, downcast eye,
Standing in the deepening shadows
With an anxious look, uncertain,
Waiting meekly, for reply.
Alian entering from the garden
Found the stranger at the door
And with kindly words addressed him,
Thinking of the gentle Savior,
In the person of His poor.
"Give me" said the weary woodman.
"Food and lodging for the night,
For my feet refuse to bear me,
And the shadowy wing of darkness
From my pathway shuts the light."

IV.

"Many days my feet have wandered
Worn and weary from the West.
And I fear my strength would fail me,
Ere I could by further seeking
Find the wanted food and rest."
"Thou art welcome," answered Alian;
"He who for the stranger cares

Has himself the greater blessing,
Thus he sometimes entertaineth
Holy Angels unawares.

V.

Every art the gentle household
Tried the stranger guest to please.
Kindly things the good can think of,
By each tender heart were spoken
Meant to make him feel at ease.
As the evening passed the stranger
Rising from the ample cheer
Spoke in loving words, of Manaen,
When surprised each one expectant
Waited all intent to hear.
"Do ye know of Manaen Hobah?"
Said he—"by the Spirit blest,
Bearing tidings of the Kingdom,
And the Life Divine imparting
To the red men of the West?"
Ere they spoke he brushed a tear drop
From the fountain of the eye,
Saying in his deep emotion:
"I had rather be that young man
Than the proudest King to be."

VI.

"I have marked him in his walking
'Mong the sinful sons of men,
Followed through the vale of sorrow
Whence he sought to bring the wand'rer
Back into the fold again;
Heard him calling through the woodlands,

By the caverns dark and deep;
Traced his footsteps o'er the mountains,
And from savage paws of lions
Seen him wrest the helpless sheep
Through the slums where evil spirits
Fill the sinful heart with woe,
Hide the narrow path of duty,
As the sunlight through the valleys
Daily would his footsteps go.
Lost and stray the frail and erring
Ever weak and prone to fall
Heard afar his tender calling,
As the sheep upon the mountains
Hearken to the shepherd's call.
Ever and anon a frail one
Heard the voice with lifted head,
Saw afar the gentle shepherd
And from hidden foes and dangers
Unsuspecting turned her tread."

VII.

"Chief among his works of mercy
Was to plant the Life within;
For the Life is more than body,
As the body more than raiment,
And shall never die again.
Yea! The Gospel of the Kingdom
Taught he as within a school,
Till in fair and full proportion,
Deeply felt and comprehended
It was planted in the soul,
Planted as the wheat and growing
To perfection by the Word,

Seeds were dropped in other bosoms,
Till the very world be planted
For the sickle of the Lord."

VIII.

"All along the little valley
Has the gentle young man been,
Till the people living in it
Have imbibed the loving spirit
Of the lowly Mazarine.
Through the gloomy vale of sorrow,
Moving with a noiseless tread
Press the unseen feet of angels,
And newborn, rise souls immortal
From the darkness and the dead."

IX.

"Christ, the Life arrayed in glory,
Leading on the heavenly train,
Goes among the dead and dying
Where the lost for help are crying
And restores to Light again.
Rising like the stars at midnight
O'er the darkened world of sin ;
Through the brightness of their rising,
Other streaming eyes beholding,
See the way and walk therein."

X.

"Then the gentle Savior, leading,
Goes before them in the way,
And they learn, that Life eternal

Is the might to do and suffer,
As the Christ on Calvary.
Holy Light over vale and woodland
Shines the living soul within,
Penetrates the hidden chambers,
While the endless Kingdom cometh
Daily in the hearts of men."

XI.

Here the touching story ended,
And the Woodman drooped his head
As afar his spirit wandered,
And in peace, among the blessed
Held communion with the dead.
Still I hear the words he uttered
As he brushed the tear away,
Saying in his deep emotion:
"I had rather be that young man
Than the proudest King to be."

XII.

As the story was related
Every heart was glad to hear;
As it ended Binea Hobah,
Full of deep, restrained emotion
Drew the rugged stranger near.
"This"—he said—"this noble teacher
Is my own beloved son."
All you see before you know him,
And his gentle manners for him
In each heart a place has won.
O'er these hills and through these valleys,
Far and near his feet have trod,

As a faithful, loving shepherd
Watching o'er the sheep and bringing
Wand'rers to the fold of God.
For the lost who walk in darkness
Through the forests of the West,
Hath he left his home and kindred,
Zealous in his love, to bring them
To the bosom of the Christ.

XIII.

Long our hearts have yearned for tidings,
In our fear foreboding ill;
For the dreadful war is cruel,
And his ready pen and loving,
Unrestrained, would not be still.
"Is it long since you have seen him?
Has he peace and is he well?
Or doth any danger threaten?
Hath he secret foes about him?
Of his present cans't thou tell?"

XIV.

"It is long," replied the Woodman;
"When I left, 'twas early spring,
Ere the leaves had clothed the forest,
While with chilly blasts of autumn,
Only now these words I bring.
Then indeed no danger threatened,
For the horrors of the war
Had not crossed the peaceful prairies.
Yea! We only heard the echoes
From the bloody fields afar."

XV.

"Lo! I bear no evil tidings,
But themselves have taken wing,
And I thought had come before me,
For the air re-echoes evil,
And the winds such tidings bring.
While upon my journey passing,
Yea! 't was but the other day,
At an inn I met a townsman,
Who upon some secret mission
Passed unknown along his way.
As we sat that night together,
Tearful news he had to tell.
How a sorrow, unexpected,
Came upon the peaceful mission,
How the town a woe befell."

XVI.

"Through the quiet region passing,
From a hostile city near,
Led by white men, vile and cruel,
Came a band of whites and negroes,
Gloating in the spoils of war.
They who hated Manaen Hobah,
Wrought by bolder hands, their sin.
For the bribed the vicious leader,
Who with hope of spoil and plunder,
Led his band the town within.

XVII.

Knowing not, the loving people
Gathered in the house of prayer.
And the zealous teacher taught them,

Of the King and of His Kingdom,
Of the princely powers fair.
Yea! He stood among his people
With his loving heart aglow,
Hearing them and asking questions,
Till the shadows from the mountain
Rested on the vale below.
Eagerly his people listened,
When, arising from the plain,
Came a sound of trampling horsemen.
And, anon, with surly features,
Rushed the band of armed men.

XVIII.

'Round the church, with glitt'ring sabers,
Drawn, as if they faced a foe,
Scowled they on the startled people,
And, obedient to their orders,
Suffered none to come or go.
When the morning o'er the mountains
Softly rose in peace again,
Darkly 'gainst the blush of heaven
Rose the smoke that told the ruin
Wrought that night by beastly men.

XIX.

They who loved the gentle Manaen
And the blessed ways of Light,
Learned that some who scorned his teachings
Were the guides, who, through these spoilers
Wrought the horrors of that night.
They had branded him a rebel,
For his southern birth had been

Wrong enough to serve their purpose,
Though his strong and loving teaching
And his power were his sin.

XX.

Flaming torches, burning, hissing,
By the heartless band were placed
Which through hallowed aisle and chancel,
By the sacred desk and altar,
Laid the rustic temple waste.
Hands upraised alone in blessing
Fast they bound with twisted cord,
As the Jews and Roman soldiers
Crowned with thorns the loving Jesus,
Bound and led away their Lord.
Then beyond the distant prairie,
Far away with weary tread,
Uncomplaining, meek and Christ-like,
To some dreary, unknown prison
Was the lonely captive led.

XXI.

They who listened to the Woodman
Heard with heaving sighs of pain,
With a grief too deep to utter,
And from eyes unused to weeping
Burning tears ran down like rain.
None the bitter, crushing anguish
Of that wretched night may know.
Mute with grief was Binea Hobah,
Through his aged, aching bosom
Swept a flood of speechless woe.

But within no other bosom
Was the piercing pang so keen
As the fierce, heartrending anguish,
Tearing as a sweeping tempest
Through the heart of Mitylene.

XXII.

None could say a word to comfort,
For no word could bring relief.
Every heart was bowed in silence,
As the branches of the willow,
By the overwhelming grief.
Sorrow brooded as the midnight
O'er the hopes of former years,
Cast a pall upon the future,
Filled the air with dreadful shadows,
And the loving hearts with fears.
Slowly passed the long, sad moments
Through the silence of the night.
Sleep departed, and their Spirits,
Peering through surrounding darkness,
Waited for the dawn of light.

XXIII.

On the morrow gentle Alian
For the stranger fearing, lest
He were poor and might be needing,
Filled a purse, and with his blessing,
Gave it to his unknown guest.
"This," he said, "in love is given
Unto Jesus crucified,
Who, to plant the Life of heaven,
Living Love in every bosom,

On the shameful cross has died.
Take it with thee, kindly use it
When in need, it may do good.
If with plenty God has blessed thee,
Then unto some needy brother
Give it in the name of God."

XXIV.

Kindly was the gift accepted,
With a radience from high
Beaming from His form and features,
Thus in tender words and loving,
Made the rugged guest reply:
"Unto thee I came a stranger,
All unknown, you took me in;
I was hungry and you fed me,
Thirsty and to drink you gave me,
Princely, in my need have been.
Deeds of love done to God's children
In the crying time of need
Live forever and forever.
On the heart of God recorded,
Done unto the Christ indeed."

XXV.

"Be not faithless, but believing,
For the will of God is good,
Clouds that overcast the heavens
Are the pinions of the angels
Laden with the gifts of God.
You shall see the gentle Manaen.
He, the Lost, shall be restored,
And the maiden shall behold him.

When illumined by the Spirit
She shall see the Christ the Lord.''

XVI.

Then the Woodman from his bosom
Took a beauteous, polished stone.
''This,'' he said, ''I give a token
Of the endless love I bear thee.
Take it, keep it as thine own.
When another shall be given
Which shall seem alike to thee,
Closely fit the two together;
In the words upon them written
Thou the living Christ shalt see.''
Kind adieus received and given,
Passed the Woodman from the sight,
While upon the troubled household
Slowly settled down their sorrow,
Deep'ning as the shades of night.

XXVII.

A Change.

As upon the great Atlantic
Storm clouds gather in the sky,
And abroad the vivid lightning
Leaping from the vaults of heaven,
Shakes the caverns of the sea,
And the muttering waves with clamor
Angry, seek the distant shore.
Rolling on, in foam and blackness,
Bearing every bark before them
On to shipwreck and to woe.

So three years of dreadful tumult
Of the war had passed away
And the loved ones of my story
Scattered were, forlorn and wretched,
As the shipwrecked on the sea.

XXVIII.

All the lovely home of Alian,
Wrecked and ruined, sere and brown,
Was a heap of cindered rubbish,
And the stillness of the ruin
Was the sorrow of the town.
It was said, a time of anguish
Came upon the city fair,
That a roving band, for plunder,
Came at night and burned the dwelling,
And the loved ones perished there.
Binea Hobah heard a rumor
That his Manaen had been slain,
That his heart's blood wet the prairie,
And his bones, unknown, unburied,
Bleached upon the Western plain.
And there came no tidings from him,
From his own, or foreign lands,
Or withheld by some official,
Who retained them for a purpose,
Came not to his aged hands.

XXIX.

Rumor, cruel and unfriendly
Told, how at the close of day
Came a woodman bearing tidings,
And unseen, at early dawning

With the shadows passed away;
How the loved ones of my story,
Sympathizing with the foe,
All unworthy and disloyal,
Clothed and fed the secret agents
In their passing to and fro.
How the woe that came upon them
Was the sword in Justice's hand,
Only lifted up to punish
Those who careless of their duty
Sinned against their native land.

XXX.

Weary moments, sorrow freighted;
In a long, long, cheerless train,
Passed away as Israel's children
Wandering from Bael Zephon,
Through the Red Sea, over the plain.
Time departed; yet, no tidings!
None the loved and lost had seen!
And the vines crept over the ruins,
As the tendrils had been guided
By the hand of Mitylene.
Flitting birds came down at evening,
Singing, as they came to tell
How they saw the cruel soldiers
Burn the peaceful home to cinders,
How the flames lit up the vale.

XXXI.

Springtime came with mirth and beauty,
And the Winter came with snow.

In the Summer moved the shadows
Where the gentle, loving maiden
Years agone would come and go.
Then there came a gladsome Springtime,
When the lawn was green and fair,
And the shadows fell in softness
All along the silent pathway,
By the elm tree and arm chair.

XXXII.

Then there came a noiseless footstep
With a solemn, silent tread,
Came a beauteous, palid maiden,
As some fair angelic Spirit
Of the saintly, blessed dead.
With a mien subdued and placid.
Down the shaded way she trod,
As within herself she struggled
With her heart, subdued to bring it
Fashioned to the will of God.

XXXIII.

Resting in the mossy arm chair,
Far away her spirit roved
With the swiftness of an angel,
Passing over seas and nations,
Seeking for the much beloved.
Then it came again unto her,
For the search had been in vain,
Nowhere could it find her Manaen,
Winging through each far off nation,
And o'er every distant main.

XXXIV.

Then with white hands meekly folded,
Fairer than the snow is fair,
With her eyes upturned and pleading,
And her poor heart bruised and bleeding
Turned she to her God in prayer.

XXXV.

"Father! In Thy Mercy hear me;
Let my prayer be not in vain!
Bring, O Bring the lost one to me
As Thy blessed son, the Bridegroom
Coming for His Bride again!
If it please Thee, Holy Father,
That my poor heart suffer still,
Give me grace to bow submissive,
Knowing that to be most blessed
Is to *do* and *bear* Thy will!"
Though Thou leadest through the furnace,
And the heat be seven fold;
Where Thou leadest Thou art present,
And the poorest of Thy children
To Thy loving hand may hold.
By the furnace Thou dost fashion
Whom Thou lovest like to Thee;
Turn the melting gold to fineness,
And by biting flame, consuming,
Ever drive the dross away.
He who made the worlds of beauty
Glitter through the halls of night
Cannot err, when by His Spirit
Fashons He the Soul immortal,
Evermore to shed His Light.

Through the burning fiery furnace
Though we pass unwilling feet,
Holy Light and heavenly beauty
Only come from out the burning,
As the pure gold from the heat.
May my heart submissive, bending,
Meekly learn to do and bear,
Till by doing and by bearing,
All my life is crowned with jewels,
Such as holy angels wear.
It is better, O My Father!
To have strength to love Thy will,
Strength to bear it, strength to do it,
Than to have all earthly sweetness,
And to drink it to the fill.
Hear, O Father, then my pleading ;
All along life's bitter way
Lead Thou me with Light unfailing,
Till through darkness, toil and danger
At the last I rest in Thee.

XXXVI.

Thus the loving prayer was ended,
And with noiseless step and light,
Passed away the palid maiden,
And anon, along the pathway
Crept the shadows of the night.

Marantha.

Canto IV.

The Exiles.

Lo! I am with you always.—*St. Matt.*, xxviii, 20.

I.

Rising from the silver waters
Spreads a beauteous land and bright.
Mountains overtopping mountains,
Reared aloft between two oceans,
Pierce the golden realms of light;
Wondrous powers, moving softly
On their radiant wings unseen
Through the lovely shaded valleys
Rear the living forms of beauty
To the heavy gaze of men;
Sprinkling with their restless fingers
Lovely flowers here and there,
As they spread them in the pathway
Of the ever-living Father,
From the shining worlds afar.
From the earth the palm uplifting,
And the Mangoe dark and green,

Beauteous forms of life unfolding,
As for better, nobler creatures
Than the sinful sons of men.
Through the azure depths of heaven
Move they fleecy clouds of light,
Lead the shining worlds unnumbered,
As the forces of Christ's Kingdom
Moving 'gainst the shades of night.

II.

Men unthinking, dull, unconscious,
As the worm beside the way
Dwell among celestial powers,
Brushed by beating wings of angels,
Knowing not, unapt to see.
In and through and round about them
Dwelleth God, enrobed in Light,
All unknown, while through and through them
Pass unheeded hidden forces
Moving with resistless might.

III.

To this land from out the distance,
Crowding on the surging flood,
Come the waves as living creatures
Lifting up their hands and falling
Suppliant at the throne of God;
As they wept with great hearts bleeding
For the sinful race of men,
As they saw the woes impending,
Saw the death without an ending,
And the impious tribes of sin;
Saw the foe with aspect dreadful,

In the Church, with iron rod,
Dark, relentless and persistent,
Prince malignant, o'er the people
Reigning in the room of God ;
Saw him and in pity pleaded,
Lest the hope of men should fail ;
Lest the foe should so oppress them,
That their Light go out in darkness,
And the gates of hell prevail.

IV.

As the temple's wall uplifted,
Range on range the mountains high
Touch the starry roof of heaven,
And the milky clouds as spirits
Wander through the azure sky.
As a solemn miserere,
Zephyrs whisper, light and thin,
And their passing through the forests
Make the tiny leaves to tremble
As the hearts of sinful men ;
Make them tremble as hereafter,
When the graves give up their dead,
Men look back in fear and tremble
In dismay, too late repentant
For the thoughtless lives they've led.

V.

In a vale where green clad mountains
Seem a pathway to the sky,
And the softened hues of evening
Hide the dwellings of the angels
From the longing of the eye ;

By a rushing mountain torrent,
In the deepness of a vale,
Cultured, gentle, meek and Christ-like
Gathered by a common sorrow,
Strangers in their exile dwell.
Many fearless, noble spirits,
Clothed upon by weaker clay,
Princely men and gentle women,
Strong and resolute to suffer
Waited in this land, away.
Here the gentle race of Aztecs
Dwell in peace in vale and wood
Following imperfect teaching,
Hidden by a veil of darkness
From the blessed truths of God.

VI.

In their midst, a thing of beauty,
Fair and bright the sweet Church stood.
Daily from the ancient belfry
Called the bell as if an angel ;
Called and led the flock of God.
This fair temple long deserted
In the woe of other days,
In compassion for their sorrow
Had been given to the exiles
For the tuneful voice of praise.
For the Christ had journied with them,
Ever unseen, by their side
Leading hosts of high-born Spirits
Where they met, within their temple
Morning and at even-tide.
Filled with Life, the heart's devotion

Rose upon the air away,
As a part of heaven's worship,
Floating through the azure cloud-land
At the dawn and close of day,
Flooding all the vale with music,
Upward towards the distant sky,
Rising o'er the lofty mountains,
Trembling on the wings and pressing
To the throne of God on high.

VII.

He who read the holy service
In his grey locks meekly stood,
As his silver head were whitened,
And his loving features lightened,
By his nearness unto God.
It was Alian, Alian Ruel,
Leading to the realms of day,
Whether in his home beloved
With the dear ones of his bosom,
Or with strangers far away.

VIII.

In this village was a custom
Handed down from other days,
Long observed by priest and people,
As a parable enwoven
In the fabric of their ways;
In the holy Advent season—
Kept by all—a joyous feast
Pictured forth the church triumphant,
Clothed in heavenly light and beauty,
Made forever one with Christ.

IX.

From the maidens of the villiage,
In the bright Ascension-tide,
When the holy church's service
Tells us of the Bridegroom's coming,
One is chosen for the bride.
But the Bridegroom, none must know him
Till he comes the bride to claim;
When the priest of God revealing,
Shall disclose unto the people
The beloved and well-known name.
If there be no plighted loved one,
Then the bride must wed the Christ;
If there be, then doubly married,
In the person of her loved one,
Leans she on the Savior's breast.

X.

From the service learn the people
That the Christ God's only Son,
To Himself and in the Father
Shall unite, though now asunder,
All God's people into one;
That the growth in heavenly graces
Is the robing for the feast;
That the *love* all men enfolding,
Is the church in oneness gathered
To the bosom of the Christ.
Yea! They learn, and loving, listen
Through the flowing Christian year,
While the voices of the seasons
Crying through the midnight darkness,
Tell us that the Lord is near.

XI.

In her chamber, chosen virgins
Place the jewels on the bride,
While on wings the fleeting moments
Pressing onward from the future
To the long forgotten glide.
In the gathering shades of evening,
Through the darkness comes the groom.
Eager with his comrades, ready,
That with music, mirth and gladness
He may bear his loved one home.

XII.

On the way still other virgins
With their lamps, the oil beside,
Weary with the long delaying
Sleep, until the trumpet's warning
Calls them forth to meet the bride.
Each one waits, with oil provided
In her vessel, for delay;
Thus to teach that for Christ's coming
Every soul must be well furnished,
Without lack, while yet 'tis day.
When anon the twain are wedded,
Then along the mountain heights
Runs the cry: "The Bridegroom cometh"
Then from sleep arise the virgins
And in gladness trim their lights;
Thus we learn that heavenly knowledge
Lights the narrow, thorny way,
That the church must come through darkness
To the royal habitations
And the light of endless day.

XIII.

Long had passed the fleeting season
Of the bright Ascension-tide,
And the tender, loving maiden
Had been chosen from the strangers
As the meetest Advent Bride.
She beloved by all her comrades
Was the gentle Mitylene.
Dwelling with her loving parents,
Working with them in their exile,
Meekly for the good of men.
He Who chast'neth whom He loveth
Had not spared the chast'ning rod,
Till her young heart turned as meekly
As the heart of Jeptha's daughter
To the blessed will of God.

XIV.

Sorrow hung her drooping pinions
Thrown in shadows o'er her face,
And a heavenly benediction
Touched her fair and lovely features
With a soft angelic grace.
In the temple of her bosom
High-born Spirits, sent of God,
Ministered the Life eternal,
Where upon a throne erected
Reigned in Light the risen Lord.
Her sweet Spirit bowing meekly
Followed where His feet had lead,
Building the eternal kingdom,
Filling up with him the number
Of the living from the dead.

XV.

In the sultry days of summer,
When upon the air unseen,
Pestilence, disease and anguish,
Hung with beating wing, but noiseless
O'er the saddened homes of men.
Sent of God to check or chasten,
Lest the thoughtless feet should stray,
And forgetful of the ending,
Of the Life or Death impending
Should forever miss their way,
Sent to some to scourge and turn them,
Some to gather to their rest,
Some to bring unto their portion
With the false and unbelieving
Who reject the love of Christ.

XVI.

In a rustic, vine-clad cottage,
In a garden by the wood,
Restless in a burning fever
Laid an aged, Christian Aztec,
Chastened by the hand of God.
Here unseen, the loving Savior
With the heavenly host had been;
Here, as if herself an angel,
With the morning, or the evening,
Came the gentle Mitylene.

XVII.

Once she sat beside her patient
When returning health and light

Lit his features, as the morning
Bursting sweetly o'er the mountains
Drives away the shades of night.
In her heart the thought had risen
Of her Manaen, and the eye
Of the sick man saw her sorrow,
As a cloud had cast a shadow,
Passing through the sunlit sky.

XVIII.

"Why," said he, "Should one who comforts
Others in their sore distress
Bear alone some secret burden,
Which another by the sharing
Might remove or make it less?"
"It indeed," she said, "is blessed
All God's holy will to bear,
But thyself, to be more blessed,
Reachest forth thy heart to help me
And the deepest grief to share."

XIX.

"Listen then unto my story,
Though the proffered help be vain.
It may while away a moment,
And the tear that falls in pity
Is a soothing balm for pain.
In our home, myself and parents,
By a green wood dwelt alone,
And a dear one, Manaen Hobah,
Was the son of our next neighbor,
Loved and honored in the town.
We in childhood played together,

Children each the other won.
Our young hearts were bound together,
As two vines with twining tendrils
Grown together, seem but one.

XX.

Long we loved and long were happy
In our wretched land away,
Living fondly for each other,
And we hoped to tread together
Hand in hand, life's thorny way.
Then a storm swept o'er our country
As a tempest o'er the sea,
And our home was wrecked and ruined;
Friends and loved ones far were driven,
Helpless to this land away.

XXI.

Manaen Hobah, faithful, loyal
To the blessed church of God,
Won the hatred of the erring,
Who, unloving, have departed
From the oneness of the Lord.
Suffered he most cruel sorrows
From the hate of sect and clan,
Some have said was foully murdered.
With this sad and painful story
Long I wept for Manaen.
Then in prison did I suffer
From a tyrant's cruel hand,
For my own dear bleeding people
In the fierce, unequal struggle
Surging o'er our fated land.

XXII.

When relieved, I labored fondly
With a loyal heart and true,
For the sick and wounded, dying,
Of my own poor stricken people,
As I thought my Lord would do.
Once among the dead and dying,
Where I labored day by day,
From a wasted, palid stranger
Heard I of my poor, lost Manaen,
In the savage wilds, away.
Then with aching heart I wandered
To the red men of the wood;
But no tidings came of Manaen.
Some there were who said the prairies
Long ago had drank his blood.

XXIII.

Then with one, an aged red man
As protector by the way,
Up and down the vales and mountains
Looked I for the loved and lost one,
Where his wand'ring steps might stray.
"Know you not of Manaen Hobah
From the land from which I came?
Do his footsteps press these mountains?"
Or from others coming, going,
"Have you ever heard his name?
Do you know him? Have you seen him
In the country far or near?
Have you heard of any stranger
Wandering in lonely exile
Driven by the cruel war?"

XXIV.

Then the sick man, careful, fearing
Lest he rouse a hope in vain,
Said as memory touched a fountain
"Listen while I tell a story,
Yet, thy footsteps to detain.
Here, in Autumn, in the evening,
When the rosy, colored light,
Rested on the quiet woodlands,
And the golden clouds and fleecy
Floated o'er the mountain height,
Shadows as the wings of Spirits
Hung above the vale and wood,
Overspread the quiet cottage,
Where beside the vine-clad window,
In the softened light I stood.
Evening, with her trailing garments,
Crowned with golden stars of light
Hovered o'er the vales and mountains
And with twinkling, jeweled fingers
Op'd the chambers of the night."

XXV.

"Then with weary footsteps pressing
Came a stranger to my door,
Came a young man, strong but wayworn,
And his gentle, manly features
Many marks of sorrow bore."
"Give me, stranger"—said the wand'rer,
"Food and lodging, for distressed
Is my heart, my limbs are aching,
And my body used to hardships
Faints for wanted food and rest."

"Come" said I, "for weary strangers
Welcome, from afar, or near,
May the mercy of the Father
Ever give me strength to gather
And provide them food and cheer.
Through the evening, talking little,
Seemed his spirit far away,
As it sought some loved and lost one,
And unmindful of the body
Hasted, nor could brook delay."

XXVI.

"As the evening passed, perceiving
That I saw and felt his woe
Plied he me with earnest questions
Of all strangers in the country,
Of those passing to and fro.
Then he told me of his sorrows,
Of the one he loved and lost,
How in foreign lands she wandered,
While her own, her native country,
As the sea, was tempest tossed.
Yea! He told me how in dreaming
Came the heavenly forms of light,
How he saw the holy angels
Bearing his beloved one to him
In the visions of the night."

XXVII.

"As to name my mem'ry fails me,
Yea! He told me not, I ween,
But the loved one whom he sought for,
Mentioned fondly in his story,

Was some gentle Mitylene.
This indeed may be thy lost one,
And with feet that will not rest,
Guided by the hand of Heaven
He will surely come and finding,
Clasp thee to his loving breast."
"Where he wanders, may the angels
Ever keep a watchful guard
Where are foes, or hidden dangers
May he ever rest securely
Underneath the wings of God."

XXVIII.

"Is it long since thou hast seen him?
May he not" she said "be found?
May not still his footsteps linger
In some quiet woodland village
In the lovely vales around?"
"It is long, but God is loving;"
Said the sick man—"It may be
That within the way he wandered
Is the impress of his spirit,
Which a trace and guide may be."

XXIX.

"Wilt thou tell me" said the maiden,
"Of the dream and forms of light?
How he saw God's holy angels
Bearing his beloved one to him
In the visions of the night?"
"Go this time," he said "to-morrow
I will try the dream to tell;
Now my failing strength forbids me,

And the growing shadows warn me
That delay would not be well.
But your asking now reminds me
Of a package and the name,
It was brought me by a neighbor
Who had found it off the highway,
In the path the stranger came.
On the mantel thou wilt find it,
And a picture thou mayst know.
At the least these may inform us
Whether he, the weary wand'rer,
Was thy Manaen or no."

XXX.

On the package, plainly written,
Manaen's well known name was seen,
For it was most highly valued,
And the picture was the image
Of the lovely Mitylene.
"This is Manaen" said the maiden,
"I myself am Mitylene.
Oh! How blessed the assurance
That the Father's hand doth lead me
Where those weary feet have been!
May I take these treasures with me?
For they seem by heaven sent
In the deepness of my sorrow
Lovingly to guide my footsteps,
In the way my Manaen went."
"Take them with thee," said the sick man
"Search and all the message see.
When again, thou com'st to me,
If the dream is there recorded
Kindly bring and read to me."

XXXI.

So the loving maiden, gladdened,
Sought with lighter heart her home;
Tender eyes that waited for her,
At the lightness of her footsteps
Brightened as they saw her come.
Flitting birds seemed yet to linger,
Floating downward on the wing,
As they, seeing, felt her gladness,
And through all the leafy forests
Only could their gladness sing.
In the West the hues of twilight
Lovelier grew than e'er before,
As the Angels had descended
And to lift the gloom of darkness
Opened wide, the heaven's door.

XXXII.

As with rapid tongue her story
Poured she into eager ears,
Hopes as rays of light from heaven
Touched within the hidden fountains
Till the eylids rained with tears.

XXXIII.

All that night through paths of Eden,
Lighted up with heavenly beams,
Through the cooling, shaded bowers,
She, beneath the wings of angels,
Walked with Manaen in her dreams.
Long before the birds awakened,
Singing through the dewey wood,

While the sky was still uncurtained
Rose her soul, on snowy pinions
Worshiping and praising God.
Ere the rosy blush of morning
Rested on the mountain height,
New-born hopes on wings arising
Leading filled the way before her
With a holier, sweeter light.
On their restless wings attendant,
Went they with her through the day.
When again she sought her patient,
As a winged band before her,
Led they through the shaded way.

Maranatha.

Canto V.

The Dream.

It shall come to pass, afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.—*Joel*, ii, 28.

I.

Now again the fair attendant,
Feeling some great blessing near,
Meekly sat beside her patient
Who with wistful eyes awaited
Longingly, the dream to hear;
For the writing he had rescued
Was the very dream indeed;
Knowing this he bowed as humbly
As would any lowly mortal
Listening to an angel read.
"Thou shalt hear angelic teachings,"
Said the maiden, "for it seems
That the wond'rous truths of heaven,
Framed by angels into pictures,
Often reach the soul in dreams."

II.

"Lo! I came," so wrote the dreamer,
"Weary, at the close of day
To my cottage in the woodland,
'Mid the tall trees of the forest
Hidden from the world away.
There upon my couch reclining
Thought I of the way of Light;
How the host of men, unheeding,
Pass the beauteous gate of heaven
To the gloomy vale of night.

III.

As I thought, a grateful slumber
Soothed my aching heart to rest,
And my painful, deep emotions
Sank as troubled waves subsiding
Softly on the ocean's breast.
Then there came a holy angel
Brightly vested from the sky,
As the fairer Light of heaven,
From the pearly gates descending,
Rested on me where I lay."
That bright veil that shuts the vision
From the glorious realms of Light,
Rolled he back as rosy morning
From the shaded walks of Eden,
Rolled the curtain of the night.

IV.

Then I saw a holy virgin
Clothed in beauty as the day,

Crowned with twelve bright stars and walking
Through the flow'ry paths of Eden,
In the solemn twilight grey.
Then again, within a mansion
Roofed with stars and filled with light,
In a chamber, rich and beauteous,
Stood the fair and holy virgin
In the vision of the night.

V.

Radiant, winged forms attended
Where with glitt'ring feet she stood;
Armed and strong, in might resistless,
Moved in peerless ranks about her
Legions of the hosts of God.
Many voices rich as music
Floating through the heavens said,
"This is She, *the Royal Virgin*,
Daughter well belov'd of Zion,
Whom the Lamb of God shall wed."

VI.

When in softened light, the evening
Over hill and vale afar,
Floating on her golden pinions,
Through the azure depths of heaven
Left the pearly gates ajar,
From His starry halls descending
Through the shadows of the night,
By the heavenly host attended,
Came the heavenly Bridegroom, resting
On the radiant wings of Light.

VII.

Long within the lighted mansion,
Through the spacious halls and wide
Waited He, while in her chamber
Angels with their burning fingers,
Decked the person of the Bride ;
Cleansed her lovely form with hyssop,
Ev'ry stain with burning ray,
Ev'ry darkened spot, or wrinkle,
Ev'ry blemish from her person
Took forevermore away.

VIII.

On the pathway of the ages,
As departing moments swept,
Sinking wearied into slumber,
Undisturbed by noise or clamor,
Multitudes, unnumbered, slept.
By their burning lamps reclining,
Overcome by long delay,
Virgins called to meet the Bridegroom ;
Thus while waiting long and wearied,
Slumbered on the narrow way,
Some were well with oil provided,
Some with lamps, but no supply,
All forgetful that at midnight
They will miss the Bridegroom's coming,
When in need they go to buy.

IX.

While I looked, in gloom appalling
As the blackness of the night,
On a sable throne and horrid,

Wise and subtile sat a dragon,
Darker than the gloom of night.
At his feet the royal virgin,
With her garments trailed in blood,
With her jeweled hands enfolded,
Raised her streaming eyes to heaven
Pleading in her tears with God.

X.

But the dreadful, sable Monarch
Scowled upon her from his throne,
And his minions in their anger
Full of hatred, fierce and cruel
Trode her beauteous robes upon.
"This is she, in pride presumptious,
Who would o'er the nations reign,"
Said the false priests and false prophets,
As they trode her robes and jewels
With the trampling feet of swine.

XI.

There they scoffed and spat upon her
And upon the knee would fall,
Striking with their palms and mocking,
As the crowd that mocked the Savior
In the common judgment hall;
Shouting as the rabble shouted
When they led Him on to die;
Wagged their heads and looked upon her
As upon the fainting Jesus
On the hill of Calvary.
None there was at hand to save her,
None to pity her distress,

Given to the tempter's power
Till the coming time appointed
For the succor and redress.

XII.

From the dark abyss arising,
Fearful in their dreadful might,
Seven Spirits, wise and subtile,
Conscious of malignent power
Rose, as shadows of the night.

XIII.

PRIDE.

Unto one erect and haughty,
As the leader of the band,
Was committed such strange power,
That in every generation
Millions perish by his hand.
He it is that paralizes
All the powers of the soul,
Turns the eyes forever outward,
Lest they see the subtile forces
Which the hidden thoughts control,
Suffers not his feeble captives
Helpless in his iron sway,
Ought to know of love and duty,
Light and Life and heavenly Wisdom,
Which the born of God may see.
Lo! he fills the living chambers
Of the helpless soul with night,
Draws a sombre curtain over,
Hides the beauteous ways of heaven
From the lifting of the sight.

XIV.

LUST.

To another strength was given:
Fair, seductive to portray
To the mind such scenes of softness,
To arouse such inward burnings
As may turn all feet astray.
And the Soul within her chamber
All unconscious of the woe,
Sits as David at his window,
While the lovely hurtful visions
Work within the overthrow.

XV.

COVETOUSNESS.

To another strength was given,
Still for ruin, woe and pain,
To arouse a flame consuming,
A remorseless, deathless yearning
For the heaping up of gain,
Yearning, which is all absorbing,
Which for gold all blessing yields;
Wrongs the widow and the orphan,
And defrauds the honest hireling
Whose hard labor reaps his fields;
Yearning which will rouse the nations
To a strange remorseless strife,
And for gold to fill their coffers,
Make them sack great towns and cities,
Prodigal of human life.

L. of C.

XVI.

ENVY.

And another had the power,
Meanest of the cruel clan :
To corrupt the living fountains,
Poison all the deep emotions
Rising from the heart of man,
Till the soul debased, corrupted,
Grieveth for another's gain,
Pines in hate of others' blessings,
Labors as a slave to mar them,
Happy in a brother's pain.

XVII.

GLUTTONY.

Still another had the power
What is beastly to unbind ;
Drown the soul in self indulgence,
In excess of eating, drinking,
Sink the hope of humankind,
Till besotted, base, corrupted
Sleep they in a dreamless sleep
That no loving voice can waken,
Though it be the cry of Jesus
Calling for the wand'ring sheep.

XVIII.

MURDER.

Blackest of the clan another,
Foul and dreadful where he stood,
Had the power, base and cruel,

To arouse the soul and drive it
On to horrid deeds of blood,
Till as born of hell and perfect
In the deep excess of sin,
He had turned his face forever
To the darkest ways of evil,
Madly prone to walk therein.

XIX.

SLOTH.

Still another, O, how dreadful!
All the being could control,
Had the power, strange, resistless,
To congeal life's hidden currents,
As the night-mare of the soul,
To oppress it with inaction,
Burden with a pond'rous load,
Till the powers born of heaven
Fail with holy Light to lead it
'Long the narrow way to God.
Not for joy and peace eternal,
Heavenly Life, nor fadeless crown,
Nor from wrong to rest forever,
For beyond this vale of sorrow,
Would it feel the biting thorn.

XX.

Then away the dragon flying,
Hidden save from quickened sight,
Over all the wiles of evil
Clothed himself and those about him
In the deepest shades of night.

High above the hosts of evil
Towered he with lowering crest,
Reigning with malignant power
In the open light of heaven,
As the dreadful *Antechrist.*

XXI.

THE FOUR POWERS.

With him four unholy spirits
Born of endless darkness came,
Clothed with strength to cloud the vision,
And above the sleeping nations
Darkness spread in Jesus' name.
In the panoply of heaven
Others moved along Life's way,
Fearful, in their hidden power
To deceive the soul, unguarded,
And to lead her steps astray.

XXII.

Where the virgin stood bewildered,
There with hidden guile replete,
Moved these subtile, wily spirits
And the doctrines, foul of devils,
Strewed as jewels at her feet;
Or in winning wiles beside her,
Crafty, watchful, led they on
Where the fruits of evil knowledge
Hung in fair and golden clusters,
Through their devious ways unknown.

XXIII.

Then, alas! The virgin thoughtless,
Weakly ate at their behest,
When behold! The Prince of Darkness
Reared aloft his throne within her,
And her thoughtless footsteps turning,
Led her from the love of Christ.
Then along the ways of evil,
Walked she on with willing feet,
And unto the golden clusters,
Stretching forth her hand and taking,
Lifting to her lips, did eat.
Then within and round about her
Lo! A dreadful darkness came,
And a lurid flame was kindled,
While the spirits, foul, exultant,
Led her through and through the flame.
Loud she cried in bitter anguish
Bathed in burning, flowing tears;
Raised her folded hands to heaven;
Pleaded with her eyes uplifted,
Through the dreary tide of years.
Down through long and gloomy ages,
In the melting heat she burned;
Biting flames coiled round about her,
And a seething lake was swelling
Ev'ry way her footsteps turned.
Loud and sad her bitter wailings
Pierced unto the distant skies
And the radiant hosts of heaven,
Resting on the wing to listen,
Pitying, wept to hear her cries.

XXIV.

Then the Lord, as once when sleeping
On the bosom of the deep,
Heard the wailing of her anguish
And arising came unto her,
As if wakened from a sleep.
As He stood in love beside her
In the burning flame, behold!
All her features glowed and glistened,
And the Life made perfect in her,
Glittered as the burnished gold.
Fair and clean her flowing vestments
As the driven snow grew white,
While descending and ascending,
From and to the gates of heaven,
Came and went the forms of light.

XXV.

Fairer than the dawn in Eden,
Ere the fruitful birth of sin;
Lord of Life, the seven-fold Spirit
Winging from the throne of heaven
Led the shining, heavenly train.

XXVI.

HOLY FEAR.

Holy Fear, with wings extended
As a flaming, burning star,
In the Light of God effulgent,
Winging came in princely armor
As a peerless man-of-war.
Unto Him a strength was given,

In the darkness of the night
To descry the forms of evil,
Gloomy, subtile, strong and hidden,
'Long the narrow way of Light,
To arouse the soul that slumbers,
Show the dangers on the way,
Lest the heedless feet should stumble,
Lest the glittering snare enticing,
Turn the thoughtless heart astray.

XXVII.

TRUE GODLINESS.

Next came one in form majestic,
Beauteous, fairer than the light,
Strong to lift the soul and fill it
With the love of truth, exceeding
All the force of Satan's might.
That through gloomy realms of darkness
It may walk with feet secure,
Though it fall, yet ever rising,
Though it stoop to help the fallen,
Still remaining ever pure;
Cleansing every spot and blemish
By the washing of the blood,
Of that blood, the Life transmitted,
Symbolized in blood of victims,
Very Life of Christ, of God.

XXVIII.

KNOWLEDGE.

Next a Spirit full of power
To light up the heavenly way

Stood aloft in shining vestments,
Beaming with celestial beauty,
Which no eye of flesh may see;
Filling all the living chambers
Of the new-born soul with Light,
Till it sees the matchless powers
Of the Savior's endless Kingdom,
Overcoming death and night.
Sees the radiant forms of heaven,
By the carnal world unseen,
Giving Life to souls unnumbered,
By it building up the Kingdom
In the new-born hearts of men,
Sees the way of Life and duty,
Shining as the Truth of God,
Marked with foot-prints of the Savior,
And adorned, as if by rubies,
By the flowing of His blood;
Sees it winding through the darkness,
Through the hidden ways of sin;
Sees the countless, prowling demons
Sleepless as the stars, and watching
'Gainst the helpless souls of men;
Sees it winding hard and narrow,
Rugged, rough, as all untrod,
As no mortal's daring footsteps,
Fearless, could assay to walk it
To the rest and peace of God.

XXIX.

GHOSTLY STRENGTH.

Next another flaming Spirit,
As a giant armed for war,

Clothed with power as a raiment,
Towered in His strength resplendent,
As the bright and morning star.
By His might the soul awakened,
Flooded by eternal day,
Gazing on the path of duty
Has the strength to rise and walk it
All along its bitter way ;
And with grace Divine and matchless,
Knowing God's most holy will,
Fearless, will, unyielding do it,
Trusting, will bow down and bear it,
Dying, yet undoubting still.

XXX.

COUNSEL.

Next above the hosts celestial
Towered one with brow serene,
Beauteous as no pen or pencil,
As could never tongue portray Him,
As no mortal eye hath seen
By His strength the Soul bewildered,
Seeking how God's will to do,
Learns to do it as He wills it,
As within the highest heaven
Holy angels know to do.
Learns to walk by heavenly counsel,
Learns to labor and be still,
Guided by the seven-fold Spirit,
By the Word of Life and Wisdom,
In the working of God's will.
Turned by Truth and heavenly guidance

Ever to the ways of Love,
Doing good and bearing evil,
As the holy high-born Spirits
Work the will of God above.

XXXI.

UNDERSTANDING.

Then resplendent, fair and glorious
As from many stars the light,
Mingled in a beam effulgent,
Rose aloft another Spirit,
Shining in celestial might.
By His power deep, unerring
All the will of God is seen,
How to bear it, how to love it,
How in tenderness to work it
'Mong the dying sons of men.
By His might the soul exalted
Treads the perfect way of God,
Sees the snares and cunning ambush,
And with swords and shining armor
Presses on the thorny road,
Caring nothing for the wounding,
Nor the crimson blood that flows,
Nothing for the toil and roughness,
Nothing for the fair allurements
Of the subtile, watchful foes ;
Knowing that the pain and bleeding
Which befall us on the way,
Work us out a joy exceeding
Every hope and every pleading,
In the light of perfect day.

XXXII.

WISDOM.

Like a seven-fold Sun in brightness,
Shining with a flaming sword,
Fairest of the host and perfect,
Rose the last and most exalted
Of the powers of the Word.
By His strength the heavens were builded
And the earth was framed below.
By Him too the Word eternal
Builds His everlesting Kingdom,
Worketh Satan's overthrow.
Happy is the soul perfected
Where this Spirit dwells within.
Full of life aloft he soareth,
'Long the narrow way he flieth
From the darkened world of sin.
Unto him the pain and anguish
Are the blessings of the way.
With an eye alike an eagle's,
Far beyond the goal he pierceth
To the glories of the sky.
Yea! He sees the coming Savior
In the clouds that so affright;
When the raging storm is fiercest,
Sees he most the radient powers
Winging from the realms of light.

XXXIII.

Moving on these radiant Spirits
Bearing each a priceless gem,
Brought them to the holy Virgin

And in living beauty placed them
In her royal diadem.
Then, on wings of Light, attended
By the radient hosts of God
Rose the Virgin from the burning,
And in living beauty rested
On the bosom of her Lord.
He the Lord of glory folded
His beloved to his breast;
For the Church in all the nations,
Had by passing through the furnace,
Come to Oneness with the Christ.
From the shinning worlds unnumbered
Peans rang through all the sky
Holy bands of white-robed angels
Shouted through the starry heavens
"Glory be to God on high."

XXXIV.

Loud and long the hosts of heaven
Through the worlds unnumbered cried
Halleluiah ! Halleluiah !
Shout, O earth ! The Lord of glory,
Taketh to Himself His Bride !
As the angels' shout reechoed
Through the starry realms of day,
From my sight the vision faded
As the glory of the twilight
Passes into night away.

XXXV.

Then unto the holy angel
With a trembling voice I cried,
"Tell me, O, Thou bright winged spirit !

Of the wondrous, heavenly vision,
Of the Bridegroom and the Bride."

XXXVI.

With a voice like melting music,
Thus the holy angel said:
"She, made beauteous in the burning,
Is the Daughter fair of Zion,
Whom the Lamb of God shall wed.
Those dark forms of night about her
Are the powers dread of God,
Who from ev'ry spot and blemish
Shall with flame and burning cleanse her
Ere she wed the living Lord.
They, the radiant forms attendant,
Are the Spirits from on high,
Who, descending from the Father,
Shall with Light adorn her person,
And with graces glorify.
Yea! With many a tear of anguish
Shall the Bride her jewels wear;
On her brow the gems most precious
Must be set in midst of burning,
By incessant watch and prayer.
Ev'ry earthly spot and carnal
By the Life, the *real blood*
Must be washed until her person
With the Light of God shall glisten
As the person of her Lord.

XXXVII.

For the Life grows perfect only
As the earthly ties decay.
'Tis by passing through the burning

That the many forms of evil
Loose their hold and fall away.
Heavenly graces, radiant, priceless
Must the Life within adorn.
Power which alone can lift her
Into Light and Life and Glory
Is in deep affliction born.
Thus, by touch of burning fingers,
While without awaits the Son,
Thus, by sorrow deep and fearful,
Trials long and sad and tearful,
Are the Church and Christ made one.

XXXIX.

They, the sleeping Virgins waiting,
Stored with oil for all the night
Are departed Spirits, ready
For the Bridegroom, though He tarry
Till the coming morning light.
Who the knowledge of the Kingdom
Deep in thoughtful minds have stored;
Who the truth have comprehended,
And in light, from Truth uprising,
Walk the narrow way to God.
Whose deep knowledge fills the pathway
Ever with increasing light,
And adown descending ages
Swells the flood, that from the nations
Lifts the sombre gloom of night.

XL.

They, with empty lamps and waning,
All unfurnished for delay
Are the souls whose faith decayeth,

When the Bridegroom long delayeth
And from duty fall away;
Who the knowledge of the Kingdom,
Deep and perfect, have not stored
And have never comprehended
All the fullness of the meaning
Of the coming of the Lord.

XLI.

He, the Bridegroom long hath tarried,
Waiting His belov'd beside;
But anon, when they are married,
Lo! He comes with hosts of angels,
Bearing hence His radiant Bride.
He, the Christ is only absent
From the carnal sense of men,
As within some distant region,
But indeed, is ever by us,
Walking with us, though unseen;
Absent, though forever present,
Far away, though ever near;
Absent from the vile and faithless,
Present to the well beloved,
Through the rolling Christian year.
When He comes in clouds descending,
They, with lamps and vessels full,
With their shining lights resplendent
Shall arise, and enter with Him,
To the joys unspeakable.

XLII.

They the poor, the foolish Virgins,
Where the Truth lights not the path,

Cannot see the way that leadeth
Unto rest and peace eternal,
Through the Life, that springs from Faith,
They must dwell in "outer darkness"
Where the *Faith* sinks into night.
They who eat the "*Bread of Heaven*,"
And shall live the Life forever,
Walk by Faith and not by sight.

XLIII.

If men sleep without the knowledge
Out of which the Faith must spring,
When they wake, they wake in darkness;
And remembrance of their folly
Evermore remorse shall bring.
Heavenly Knowledge, stored by others,
Cannot give our lamps their light.
If men fail in time of buying
When their unfed lights are dying,
To them comes the gloom of night.
It is not a time for buying
When the open doors are shut,
When too late men seek for knowledge,
Though they stand without and knocking,
Cry aloud, they enter not.

XLIV.

Now the holy angel flying
Brought me at the close of day
Midway of the holy city,
Where of old the temple glittered
O'er the mountains far away.
There, beside the hill of David,

Where the jeweled throne had stood,
Over 'gainst the ruined temple,
Spoke he of the endless Kingdom
And the hidden things of God.
"Long," he said, "has been the struggle,
Fearful the relentless strife,
But the time hath come, that Jesus
Shall lead forth in glorious triumph
All the radiant hosts of Life."

XLV.

Wars and fightings, strife and discord
Noise and clamor, all shall cease.
Evil shall depart forever;
And among God's ransomed children
Shall forevermore be peace.
Antechrist, the moster dreadful,
Sitting now the Church within
Shall be driven from the Kingdom
Through the ways of endless darkness
With the cruel tribes of sin.
And the Churches now dissevered
Shall forevermore be one.
Men shall all be knit together,
Tender, loving, high exalted,
In the Father by the Son.

XLVI.

Here in wonder and emotion,
With my hands enclasped I stood,
Gazing into heaven's vastness,
Through the welling tears arising,
Worshiping and praising God.

As I stood, soft strains of music
Rose in sweetness from the plain,
Whence advancing in her beauty,
With a shining host about her
Came the lovely Mitylene ;
Came into my arms, extended,
And the holy angel said :
"So the Church made clean by chast'ning,
Clothed in Light and queenly beauty,
Shall the Royal Bridegroom wed."

XLVII.

Real in its life, unto me
Did the heavenly vision seem ;
But the deepness of emotion
Roused me from my heavy slumber,
And I found it but a dream.
Though, not all a dream, the Father
By the vision would portray
Good things coming in the future,
Hidden from the light and thoughtless,
Which the well beloved see.

XLVIII.

When the maiden ceased her reading,
Sitting upright on his bed,
All aglow with deep emotion
Calling up the past, the Aztec,
Thus in tender accents said :
"Yea ! This is the dream he told me
As within my willing breast
Planted he the seed eternal,
Out of which in heavenly beauty

Springeth forth the Life of Christ.
This is then thy loved and lost one,
And the Father's hand will guide,
Where in deep and tender yearning
In the midst of flame and burning
He will find his chastened bride."

XLIX.

Rising as it were from dreaming
Spoke the lovely Mitylene,
"This is Manaen, I will seek him
Where his weary footsteps pressing
In the valleys fair have been.
Lo! This is the Father's guiding
And my hopes are not in vain;
Is not this the voice of heaven
Comforting, as ever telling,
That my Manaen comes again?"
So with loving heart and thoughtful
Through the noontide of the day,
Through the pathway o'er the mountain,
To the cottage of her parents
Went she gladly on her way.

L.

Weeks had passed; The gentle Aztec
Well restored, away had gone,
While his humble, peaceful cottage
In the cozy little garden
Stood deserted and alone.
Far, the maiden, yearning, hopeful,
Sought for tidings day by day.
Where were traces of the wand'rer,

There, with loving heart, she followed
Eagerly along the way.
Winged hopes, like doves from Noe,
Went with strength to breast the main,
But without the branch of olive
Ever came with pinion drooping,
Back unto her heart again
Yea! She knew not that the Aztec
Grateful for her kindly care
Even now alone was wand'ring,
Seeking for the gentle Manaen
Through each lovely vale afar ;
All intent to find and bring him
Ere the coming Advent-tide,
That the wand'rer unexpecting,
As the Bridegroom should be wedded
To the chastened Advent Bride.

Marantha.

Canto VI.

The Bridegroom Cometh.

In such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh.—*St. Matt.* xxiv, 44.

I.

Over now the hills of Judah
Crowned with jewels swept the night,
While the darkened world, unconscious,
Knew not that the Bridegroom cometh
Only on the wings of *Light.*
Down the pathway of the ages,
All along, the virgins sleep,
Weary and oppressed by waiting,
While full many watching, longing,
Still their anxious vigils keep ;
Yet the loving Bridegroom lingers
Patiently the church beside,
While the angels' burning fingers
Place the fair and costly jewels
On the person of the Bride.
Oh! How long, how long she bideth

Ere her Oneness with her Lord!
Ere enrobed in perfect beauty
Leads she with the royal Bridegroom
All the radiant hosts of God.

II.

In the little Aztec village
Loud and full the sweet bell swung,
While the loving people listened
To the mellow tones of gladness
As unto an angel tongue.
Now the deepened shadows rested
Far and wide o'er vale and wood ;
And the starry hosts of heaven
Moved on glittering wings, in silence
Round the distant throne of God.

III.

Gathered on the road ascending
O'er the rugged mountain side
Chosen virgins of the village
Waited for the Bridegroom's coming
With the beauteous Advent Bride.
Long they waited and the midnight
Led her shining train away
As a band of radiant Spirits
Through the silent halls of heaven
Leading on the coming day.
Wearied by their anxious watching
Long the lovely virgins slept,
While alone the sleepless powers
Passing through the quiet heavens,
Silently their vigils kept.

IV.

In her chamber, sad but lovely,
Mitylene, longing stood,
As the chastened Church o'ershadowed
By the dark wings of the angels,
Making ready for her Lord.
Round about her gentle maidens
Beauteous as the morn and fair;
Skillful with their ready fingers
Twined a thorny crown, and placed it
O'er her coils of braided hair,
As the crown the soldiers platted
Rested on the Savior's brow,
Symbol of the crown of glory
That the faithful wear forever,
Made of thorns that pierce us now,
Teaching that the Church triumphant
Wears for aye a jeweled crown,
Shining downward through the ages,
Beauteous as the stars and glorious,
But forever made of thorn.

V.

Ere the rosy tinted evening
Floated o'er the billowy west,
Loved ones in the home of Alian
Thought and spoke of Jesus' Kingdom,
Of the glories of the blest,
Of the advent of Messiah,
Of the loved, long passed away,
Of the hope of their returning,
Of the tender inward yearning
For the coming of that day.

Binea Hobah, gathered with them,
Thinking of the darkness dread,
Of the Church and of the ending
Of the good things long impending ;
Stood within their midst and said ;
"Listen to me, O beloved !
For from out the shades of night
See I fearful forms arising
And the hosts of evil striving
With the powers of the Light."

VI.

As of old the storm clouds gathered
O'er the lake of Galilee ;
Even now the storm in raging,
And the Lord of Life and Glory,
Walketh on the troubled sea.
From the dark abyss unnumbered,
Unseen Spirits watchful, dread,
Wander through the sinful nations
Seeking thoughtless souls to gather
With the dying and the dead.
They whose power is in darkness
And alone in darkness dwell,
Kindle piercing flames to burn us,
That their evil force may turn us
To the way of death and hell.
In and through and round about us
By the citadel of Life,
Hidden from the sight as serpents
Creep they through the welcome darkness
As in ambush for the strife;
Ever watchful and relentless

Sent of God to sift and try,
That the true by trial sifted
Through the trial may be lifted
To the garners of the sky.
None evade the subtile forces;
Sparing not they prowl abroad
Sowing all the world with evil
For the trial of the faithful
In the dreadful day of God.

VII.

Oh! How earnestly they sow it
In the careless hearts of men;
Broadcast o'er the world they throw it
And the winds receive and sow it
Where it roots and seeds again.
For the soul by daily conflict
Must the crown of glory wear,
And the highest place of honor
Must be won by highest power
Good to do and ill to bear.

VIII.

Through the shadows of the garden
Where abides the living Soul,
Where the tree of *Life* is planted,
There these cruel unseen Spirits
Tread with impious feet and foul;
There they offer joys forbidden,
Luscious, pleasing to the eye,
Tempt the soul with evil knowledge
Forth to reach the hand and plucking,
Eat forbidden fruit and die.

Seven with a flame enkindled
In the lurid depths of hell,
Day and night prowl round about her,
Where she walks alone, unguarded,
There these subtile Spirits dwell.
By their touch they kindle burnings,
Picture forth the joys of sin,
Make of lusts a flame consuming
And the weak, like willing cattle
Lead they to and fro therein.
Thoughtless of the dreadful presence
Glides she on with careless feet,
Hither, thither, as she listeth
Through the flowery paths of Eden
Doing what she thinketh meet;
Lays she thoughtless hands on dragons,
Looks into the face of Death,
Hand in hand with evil angels
Careless stoops she down to listen
What the wily tempter saith;
All forgetful that these powers
Stand about her way to try
Whether she hath strength to triumph;
Or allured by joys forbidden
Weakly will partake and die;
That abroad a lake of fire
Kindled by the touch of sin
Burneth as refiner's fire
And that through the flame unsparing
Walks the soul, or dwells therein.

IX.

From the lurid pit, these Spirits
Through the world in varied form,

Through the hearts of sinful mortals
Sweep afar in clouds and darkness
In the tumult of a storm
Trying men by strong allurements,
Some by fortune, some by woe,
Some they try by death or danger
Reared in horrid form before them
In the way their feet should go.
Sordid souls debased, unworthy,
But the sign of grief behold
And they scatter as the hirelings.
When at midnight, urged by hunger,
Leaps the wolf into the fold;
And the dread recording angel
Mindful of the cross and pain
Which Messiah bore to teach them,
For the souls that perish by them
Marks them with the mark of Cain.
Some they tempt to self indulgence,
Some to make themselves a name,
Some to use their highest powers
For dominion and its treasures,
Thicker than the breath of fame.
Thus, the Foe the Christ assaulted,
When by earnest fast and prayer,
Armed and ready for the conflict,
Vanquished He the "Prince of this World"
And the power of the air.
Some they try by taking from them
All they know of health and ease,
That by higher, strong endeavor,
They may do the deeds of angels
Through a lifetime of disease,
Show their trust that God the Father

Willeth not a thing amiss ;
But that highest blessing cometh,
In the world of endless glory
From the evil things in this.

XI.

Some they try by lust for treasure
Labored for with greed and pain
For excess in future leisure
Or perhaps but for the pleasure
Of the heaping up of gain.
Some they try by fair occasion
For some tender noble deed ;
Some by labor and denial
For the Church, Christ's mystic body,
In the crying time of need,
By the power to discern her
From the noisy clan and sect,
'Mid the cries of many claimants,
Lovingly to hear and answer
To the call of God's elect.

XII.

Some they lead in ruts, where custom
Bids their willing feet to go,
Where the foe by evil customs
Followed by the weak and faithless
Seeks the Kingdom's overthrow.
On in hidden guile these spirits
Through the world with flaming breath,
Through the classic halls of learning
In the fond retreats of knowledge
Sow the fruitful seeds of death;

Minds imbued with worldly wisdom
Bow serenely to their sway;
While from all that's truly noble
From the toil of high endeavor
Turn they evermore away.
They whose hearts despise God's Kingdom,
Knowing not its Life and Light,
See the gloomy hosts of evil
Creeping through the heedless churches
From the borders of the night;
Hear the ravings of fanatics,
See the discord of the crowd,
And they mildly take these ravings
For the truths sublime, unfolded
In the teachings of the Lord.
Men far famed for love and science,
Sweep the sky with searching gaze;
Where eternal Love resistless
Moves the forces of creation,
See they naught but mist and haze.
Powers moving suns and systems,
Guiding the affairs of men.
Shut they from the range of science
As unworthy classic knowledge,
Or scholastic accumen.
Jesus' teaching brought from heaven
Scorn they with the scorn of scorn,
Yea ! They spurn the heavenly knowledge
Of the Life and of the Kingdom,
That from Life the Life is born;
For the powers dwelling in them,
To their heavy gaze unknown
Move them 'gainst the coming Kingdom,
And the subtile Prince of this World

Binds them to his sable throne.
Leaden eyed, ungodly, graceless,
They whose hearts love naught but sin,
Moved by devils, tread the Churches.
As of old the driven cattle
Trod the yellow yield of grain.
With their breath as winds of autumn
Sweeping o'er the threshing floor,
Scatter they the weak and thoughtless
As the chaff, and from the Kingdom
Drive them on forevermore.
When the poor soul fondly looketh
Through the azure sky for light,
So, they spread their mists around her,
With great swelling words confound her
Quench her burning hopes in night.
Then the foulest Spirits drag her
Till the way of life she miss ;
Thousands hoping, then despairing,
From their swelling words and daring
Fall into the dark abyss.
Led by Spirits which possess them
As the swine on Galilee
Bound by hidden chains and helpless
Madly rush they down to perish
In the troubled, molten sea.

XIV.

Sorrow, anguish, grief heartrending
Spring with death from winged seed
Which those sleepless Spirits scatter,
While the true and faithful only
By the Life of God are freed.
Thus each inward cord is tested,

Every hidden force laid bare,
And a record made in heaven
Of our power in the trial
Good to do and ill to bear.
Why should any fallen creature
Miss the narrow heavenly road
When the Church was sent to show it
And along its length, to mark it,
Are the footprints of the Lord?

XV.

Know ye not, O Church of Jesus,
That the dreadful fault is thine?
That to thee the key was given
Which unlocks the door of heaven,
Floods the world with Light Divine?
That with saddened eyes uplifted
Through the darkness of the night,
Thousand thousands looking, longing,
With uncertain footsteps, stumbling,
Cry with burning tears for *Light?*
Multitudes come to the churches
Yearning for the living Bread,
While the learned, smooth-tongued doctor
With a splendid rounded diction
Serpents give and stones instead.
Some perceiving that their people
Value most what least they need,
Please the eye with forms aesthetic,
Fill the ear with costly music,
Give them pleasing sounds as feed.
Seek to build and throng their churches
With a silly, gaping crowd,

Who will rent the pews and fill them
With an eye to caste or business,
Not with *Love* to man or *God*.

XVI.

Of the *tidings of the Kingdom*
Some who list, can never hear ;
In the stead they learn of wafers,
Waxen candles, burning tapers,
Altar cloths and priestly gear.
Yea! They learn how from these wafers
Priests can make the living God.
From the baked dough, make His body,
From the juice pressed from the vintage
Make His very, real blood;
Yea! they prostrate fall, adoring,
Bend the knee and cross the breast.
In their hearts deceived, persuaded
That the baked dough of the wafer
Is the real, living Christ;
Then they eat their Christ as doughnuts
With the champing teeth of swine,
Not into their lives, but stomachs
Taking. Yea! Though not perceiving
Aught of Him the Life Divine.

XVII.

Daring men untaught and faithless
Rend the church and heed her not,
Rend the seamless robe of Jesus,
Though the cruel Roman soldier
Would not rend, but cast a lot.
Learned in the cant and nonsense

Of blind leaders of the blind,
Loud and bold, they move the people
Carried by each sounding doctrine
As the chaff before the wind.
Wordy, puffy with vain knowledge,
Vague, inaccurate and dry,
Knowing nothing of the Kingdom
Feed they chaff, to God's poor children
When for living bread they cry.

XVIII.

Loud and urgent, unsent preachers
Stir the sinful world to strife,
With a zeal, to shame the slothful
Seek they simple souls to turn them
From the way of Light and Life.
Yea! With poisened tongues and daring
Strive they with the *Lord's Elect*,
From the souls that walk in darkness
Gather they the *tares* and *bind* them
Into varied *clan* and *sect*.

XIX.

Devils when they preach the Gospel
In the garb that angels wear,
May be known, as in a garden
Trees are known *in time of fruiting*
By the kind of fruit they bear.
How can grapes come forth from brambles
Deadly trees bear healing fruit,
Figs be gathered from the thistles,
And from tares sown in the furrows
How shall living wheat take root?

Where the Word is sown and groweth
Hate and strife and discord cease,
For the Life that then upspringeth
Beareth fruit that only bringeth
Holy Love and endless peace.
Seeds of evil sown by devils
Need no tender, watchful care;
Rank as noxious weeds and thrifty
Grow they, though not watched, nor tended
And their bitter fruitage bear.

XX.

In the fair schools of the Kingdom
Sit the minions of the foe;
Where should shine the Light effulgent
As a burning stream of glory,
Black as night they come and go.
Armed from head to foot in darkness,
Where unguarded sleeps the soul,
Creep they over arms neglected,
Over strong unmanned defences
With their impious feet and foul.
Jewels from the depths of heaven,
Sparkling with the Light of God,
Such as deck the brows of angels,
Soiled by filthy touch, and buried,
By their loathsome feet are trod.
Yea! Themselves build schools unsparing
Where their subtile webs they weave;
From these schools arrayed in darkness,
Vapid, fulsome go the teachers
God's poor children to deceive.
Yea! These Spirits dread go with them,

Lead them fondling on their chain,
Urge them on in guile malignant,
Glad to see them weak and faithless
Crucify their Lord again.
So they mount the oaken pulpits
Crimson as the Savior's blood
And the doctrines teach of devils,
Fill the holy Church with darkness
In the name of Christ and God.
Yea ! They strive to turn the faithful
From the way of truth and bliss,
And the woes that came hereafter
In the world of endless sorrow
Kindle by their breath in this.
They who claim to shout glad tidings
Of the Kingdom far and near,
Shout instead their clanging doctrines,
And with vague and cruel nonsense
Fill the seasons of the year.
Yea ! The time that Jesus spoke of ;
"When I come shall faith be found !"
With a warning sign portentous
Gathers as a storm tremendous
All the sinful world around.
And the Kingdom, O ! how dreary
Where the Word sheds not His Light!
Darker than the curse of Egypt
Gather over all the nations,
Dreadful shadows of the night.

XXI.

Lo ! We hear how brawling preachers
All unapt the truth to see,
Plunge poor creatures under water

And forever and forever
Wash their dreadful sins away ;
As if water could wash spirit,
Matter, reach and cleanse the soul,
Unperceiving that a Spirit
By the stream of Life eternal
Must be cleansed from what is foul.
Seeing not beyond the symbol
Know they not that Life is Love,
That the Life touched by the Spirit
Purifies the heart and makes us
One with Christ in God above.

XXII.

Others teach that Jesus' sufferings
Soothed the dreadful wrath of God,
That their filthy souls are reckoned
Pure and stainless by his mercy,
Through the shedding of Christ's blood ;
That the perfect God of Wisdom,
Just and good is satisfied,
All appeased and well contented
When the vile escape His justice
And the innocent has died;
For they know not that atonement
Is our oneness with the Lord ;
That the Life is Love eternal
Overcoming Death within us
As we daily grow like God ;
That the Church is now His body
As Melchisedek the priest,
Ever making the At-one-ment,
Through the Life of Love uniting

Men redeemed, in God, with Christ.
Not alone by Jesus' dying
Is the lost world saved from sin ;
But, the Life abiding in Him
Cometh to us through His dying,
Quickens and we live again.
By the Life we walk the pathway
Which his wounded feet have trod,
In the face of death and danger
Passing on to perfect oneness
With the living Christ in God.

XXIII.

Others teach fore ordination
Of the few saved by the blood,
Of the mass predestinated
To a hopeless condemnation
By the righteous will of God.
Others say that all are saved,
Good and bad, it matters not,
Vice and virtue are indifferent,
For the mercy of the Father
Has for all, a common lot.
Yea ! They know not *that salvation*
Is progressive steps from sin,
And the blessed *Life* that ends not
Is the *Love of God eternal*,
Growing new born souls within;
That *this Love*, *this Life* within them
Is the Life of God above;
And that every high born Spirit
Glittering in the starry heavens
Is some princely form of Love,

That this Life comes forth from knowledge
Of Messiah and His reign,
And springs up in heavenly beauty
From the seed by faithful teaching
Planted in the Souls of men.
Where the living Word by teaching
Is not planted as the seed
There can be no Life eternal,
For, from out this heavenly knowledge
Must the Life through *Faith* proceed.
Christ is in the holy service,
Though but idly sung, or said ;
But the dead soul cannot see Him
Till the quick'ning Spirit touching
Raise the living from the dead.

XXIV.

Wise and grim the "Prince of this World"
Sifts the children of the Light,
Through the Church, unseen and noiseless,
Restless, fearless, ever watchful,
Strive the forces of the night ;
From their touch springs death eternal,
Thinner than the wasted breath,
Loathsome, hateful, onward pressing,
Armed and ready, strong for action,
Strive the sleepless hosts of death.
Stirring strife where Love eternal
Should uplift the hearts of men,
In the very name of Jesus,
Leading surly sects in clamor
Down the hidden ways of sin.
Driving men to strife and combat

'Neath the cruel flag unfurled
Where the ensigns of all nations
Floating o'er the fields of carnage
Mark the judgment of the world.
Dark as winged clouds of locusts
On in dreadful force they move,
Sent of God to try His children,
Sift and test in every fibre
All the offspring of His love.

XXV.

Now beloved, is the judgment
Of this world, as Jesus said,
Day by day all souls are sifted;
Day by day the saved are lifted
From the dying and the dead;
While the lusty and the heedless
Wander through the world abroad
All unconscious that these powers
Are arrayed to sift and try them
'Neath the searching eye of God.

XXVI.

They who pass the fiery trial
With the strength to do and bear
Are the saved, who, cleansed by burning
Rise aloft through tribulation
Crowns of endless life to wear.
And the lost who love the darkness
Nor will come unto the light,
Pass the pearly gates of heaven
Onward in their folly pressing
To the endless gloom of night.

XXVII.

Heated as a glowing oven
Is the great day of the Lord ;
As the children in the furnace
Only they unhurt pass through it
Who in meekness walk with God.
Christ goes through and through the burning
Where the well beloved are tried ;
Where were three, behold the fourth one
Bearing all the burning with them,
Walks in love unharmed beside.
Oh! That men could see the Savior
And could mark these Spirits dread
Gathering in clouds about them,
Through the hidden wiles of evil
To enroll them with the dead.

XXVIII.

By these powers, Lo! the faithless
All too ready stoop and fall,
And in everlasting darkness
Those who love and lean upon them,
In their ruin dread enthrall.
In the Church they lead the princes
By the subtile hidden snare,
And their watchful eyes and sleepless
Every hidden weakness scanning
Neither great nor small will spare.
By them Bishops turn from duty,
Travel up and down the lands
As they thought the Lord's commission
Was not seed to sow by teaching ;
But by laying on of hands.

Priests and deacons as they knew not
Of the *Life of Love*, go down ;
Great men fall as leaves in Autumn ;
Many a life goes out in darkness,
As the setting of a sun.
They whose arms have taken cities,
Vanquished many a foe in fight
Fall before these subtile Spirits
As into eternal darkness
Falling stars go out at night.
From the early blush of morning,
Through the gloomy shadows dread
Men forevermore are passing
To eternal Light and glory,
Or to darkness and the dead.

XXIX.

Winged with flame, unsparing, piercing
Sorrows from our failings spring
Which consume us by their burning
And remembrance oft returning
Will a daily sorrow bring.
Though we turn away from evil,
Learn to love and do no ill;
Even when we are forgiven
And the record made in heaven
Will remorse pursue us still.
'Tis the mercy of the Father,
That we learn to sin no more,
And with wary footsteps walking
Ever shun the hidden danger
Till our trial shall be o'er.
Though we dwell in cot or palace

Evermore the flames prevail.
From all hearts though hard or tender,
Down through all the troubled ages
Comes the piercing of a wail.
Parents wailing for their children;
Children for their parents lost
Wailing for themselves and others
Fallen sisters, fallen brothers
In the burning tempest tossed;
Groans and cries of dying millions
Ever fall on aching ears,
Till this world of wondrous beauty
Darkened by the night of evil
Grows into a vale of tears.
Oh! How long the poor soul prayeth
To be spared this trial dread
While the loving Father changeth
Into gems the drops of bleeding
Which the loving heart hath shed.
Jesus prayed the cup might pass Him;
Oh! The teaching of that prayer!
He the loving Father answered,
Not by passing, but by giving
Strength to do His will and bear.

XXX.

This beloved is that tempest
Gathered in its wild array
Sweeping through the midnight darkness
While the Lord upon the mountain
Seems afar, afar away.
He hath taught us though His coming
Fill our troubled souls with fright,

He shall walk upon the billows
Through the darkness and the tempest
In the fourth watch of the night.
Even now the storm is sweeping
O'er the troubled world abroad;
Lift your eyes and look beloved.
Lo! We see the sign in heaven
Of the coming of the Lord,
And the time is now upon us,
When the mystery unsealed,
He, the Lord of Life and Glory
Shall upon this throne within us
Be to every eye revealed.

Maranatha.

Canto VII.

The Advent Bride.

As the lightning lighteneth out of the one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven; so also shall the Son of Man be in His day. Wheresoever the body is thither will the eagle's be gathered together. —*St. Luke*, xvii, 24-37.

I.

Leading on the Churches' seasons,
Sweeping far on restless wing,
Advent as a herald angel
Cried aloud through all the nations
Of the coming of the King.
Holy Church alert and waiting
Called her children far and near.
They who loved the Lord's appearing
And with anxious hearts were watching
Rose, her loving call to hear.

II.

Now the solemn shades of evening
Crept afar o'er vale and wood,

While the faithful of the village,
Thinking of the Bridegroom's coming,
Gathered in the Church of God.
Over every shaded pathway
Of the rugged mountain side
Came the people in their gladness,
Swift to learn of Jesus' coming
And His oneness with the Bride.

III.

Where the growing shadows mingled
With the light from Alian's door;
Where the well beloved were gathered
Came a lowly, rustic stranger,
Clad in garments rough and poor;
Tender, meek and full of wisdom,
Light was in His loving eye,
Beaming from His noble features
As a heavenly radiance fallen
From the windows of the sky.
From His hands the blood was oosing,
From His feet and wounded side;
O'er His brow were crimson thorn-prints,
And His seamless robe unriven
By the trickling blood was dyed;
Full the purple marks of scourging
For the dying race of men,
Rose in gaping furrows on Him,
Whence the crimson currents flowing
O'er His quivering shoulders ran.
Marred His features were, and saddened,
As His heart felt all our woe.
Felt it in its utmost deepness,

Felt a bitter weight oppressive,
Which no other heart may know.
In the person of a woodman,
Wounded and with bleeding breast,
Came the Lord of Life and glory,
Hidden from the blunted senses
Which can never know the Christ.
Those who idly looked upon Him,
Little thought of high degree;
For His rustic garb uncomely
Hid the cruel marks upon Him
Of the Lord of Calvary.

IV.

Alian met Him at the threshold,
Thinking of the days of yore,
Of the woodman and His message;
And His loved ones, unsuspecting,
Wondered if He tidings bore.
From her chamber, seeking tidings,
Flushed and rosy as the morn,
Mitylene came with longing,
Fair as holy light and wearing
On her brow the crown of thorn.
Hope on radiant wings was resting
O'er her beauteous features then;
Through her eyes her heart had spoken
Ere her anxious lips had uttered
Yearnings for her Manaen.
Quick the woodman saw and answered;
"*He the lost shall be restored,*
And thine eyes shall rest upon Him
When illumined by the Spirit
Thou shall see the Christ, the Lord."

V.

Then He spoke of Jesus' coming,
Of His triumph and His reign,
Of the Advent and its teaching,
Of the everlasting Kingdom
Rising in the hearts of men;
Of the daughter fair of Zion
Through the cycle of the years,
In the time of her adorning
Pouring out her soul in anguish
And in bitter, burning tears.

VI.

While the eager household listened
Words as tender living things,
As a host of winged Spirits
Came unto their loving bosoms
Beating with their radiant wings,
Till the Life was roused within them
And alert in every breast
Rose the deathless soul to hearken,
As of old the well-beloved
Hung upon the words of Christ.

VII.

Full of grace the stranger taught them
Of the mights and thrones unseen,
Of the Christ, with princely powers,
Building up the endless Kingdom
In the new-born hearts of men;
Taught them that the Christ is Spirit,
Living, perfect, endless *Love*.

Is the essence of the Father;
Is the Life that reigns within us,
And in all the worlds above,
Is the perfect, full expression
Of the mind and will of God.
Sounding down through all the ages,
Dwelling in each heart receiving,
As the everliving *Word.*
Speaking to the inward being
Of the deep things of the sky,
Quickening every latent impulse
Of the *Life* to perfect oneness
With the Living God on high,
Till the Life, enrobed in Graces,
Peerless, stronger than all might,
Lifts the world from death eternal
To the endless Life of heaven
By the simple force of Light;
That the endless Kingdom cometh
By no mortal vision seen,
As a city fair descending,
And in Light and living beauty
Rising in the hearts of men;
That the Kingdom growing in us
Bringeth all men into one;
That Atonement, long expected,
Is the Church Redeemed in oneness
In the Father with the Son;
That the Lord is as the Bridegroom;
That the Church is as the Bride;
That the Daughter fair of Zion
For her Lord, is cleansed by burning
As the gold is purified;
That her fair and radiant vesture,

Warp and woof, is wrought of God,
And the highest lordly powers
Lay the banquet through the heavens
For her wedding with her Lord.

VIII.

Horned hoofs, encased in iron,
Must the rounded wheat lay bare,
Or the flail must beat and beat it
Ere the wind the chaff removeth
From the perfect grain and fair.
Not remission from the anguish
Is the highest gift of God;
Strength to do His will and bear it,
Take the crown of thorns and wear it,
Is the Oneness with the Lord.
Daily round of fierce temptation
Is the dreadful judgment day.
They who meet the foe and triumph
Rise aloft o'er many trials
Into Life and Peace alway.
Blood-drops flowing from the pressure
On the cruel platted thorn
Are the jewels, that forever
Add the beauty and the lustre
To the martyr's fadeless crown.

IX.

Know ye not, O! well-beloved!
That the Lord of Life is here,
And that coming through the ages
Shine aloft His glittering footsteps
All adown the Christian year?

He hath come as Light descending
Through the teaching of the Word,
And in every loving bosom
Shining as the flame of jewels
Builds the living throne of God.
In the holy Church, His body,
As Melchisedek, the Priest,
Interceding, mediating,
Giving Light and Life eternal
Ministers the Living Christ.
Here He rears aloft His Kingdom,
Leads the heavenly hosts of Light,
Rising o'er the sleeping nations
As the rosy wings of morning
Spreading o'er the realms of night;
Here He teaches as that Prophet,
And by teaching, Life bestows,
Plants the seed that living, growing,
Day by day in grace unfoldeth
As the opening of a rose.
By the Life He makes Atonement
As Melchisedek, the Priest,
Bringing men redeemed to oneness,
Through the Life, with God the Father,
By their oneness with the Christ.
Here He reigns a King forever;
Here He judgeth day by day,
Filling up with wheat His garners,
By the flail, the fan, the sifting
Driving all the chaff away.

X.

Can ye not perceive a spirit
Fair as light and wide of wing,

Dwelling in God's faithful children,
Guiding, guarding and uplifting
In the power of a King;
Kindling by His touch within them
Life of Life and Light of Light,
By the Life, within them kindled,
Overcoming death eternal,
And the powers of the night;
Gath'ring in His fold the nations,
Freeing them from death and sin,
Cleansing by the fan and sifting,
And as circling suns uplifting
Fair and bright His throne within?

XI.

Have ye marked the Royal Virgin
Through the shadows of the night,
As the fairest born of heaven,
Rising out of tribulation.
Into everlasting Light?
Have ye marked her through the ages,
Her fair garments soiled and worn,
How each priceless, beauteous fabric
By the lost world's loathsome contact
Has been trampled on and torn?
Have ye never comprehended
That the rended Church we see
Torn and trampled by the faithless,
Set at naught, reviled and hated
Is the Bride of Christ to be;
That this is the Royal Virgin
Who shall wed the Son of God,
And forever and forever

Over all the ransomed nations
Reign a queen beside her Lord ;
One with Him in love unfathomed,
In all truth and goodness one,
Of the same all-loving Spirit,
Of one body with the Bridegroom
As the Father with the Son;
Clothed in Light, in truth effulgent
From the shining courts above,
Crowned with bright celestial graces,
Every radiant feature glowing
With the light of endless love,
Beauteous as the smile of heaven
Filling Eden with its light.
By her peerless beauty driving
From the sinful world forever
All the shadows of the night?
But the trial dread is passing
As the storm on Gallilee,
And the well belov'd of Zion
Seems indeed about to perish
In the tumult of the sea.

XII.

He hath come that Jesus spoke of,
"Prince of this world," "Man of sin,"
And has raised his foul dominion
In the frail hearts of God's children
There as Antechrist to reign.
Not a man with crook and mitre,
Not a King with fire and sword,
But the daring "Prince of this World,"
Ruling in our sinful members

In the name and room of God.
Him hath God himself permitted
In the Church to rear his seat,
That the princes of his people
Who shall wear the crown of glory
May be sifted as the wheat,
That the noblest of His Kingdom,
Loyal to the truth and right,
May above the cringing rabble
With the faithful of all ages,
Shine forever in His sight.
From of old, from everlasting,
Has the Father's purpose been,
In the trial of His children
To array the heavenly powers
And to try the "Man of Sin."

XIII.

Now is set the throne of judgment;
Satan's utmost strength is tried
'Gainst the forces of the Kingdom,
While the Church is cleansed by burning,
And as gold is purified.

XIV.

'Neath the throne in guile malignant
Moves the Foe in hidded might,
By his subtile guile and burning
All the force of evil turning
'Gainst the powers of the Light.
Creeeping through the Kingdom's byways
Blighting with his poisonous breath,

Or with pleasing words enticing
Leading simple souls unthinking
Down the easy way of death.
To the plastic hearts uncultured
Forth he sends his hosts abroad,
And beneath the wings of darkness
Leads them on, untried, unknowing
From the narrow way of God.
Even where the seed is planted
To bring forth its heavenly fruit,
There, in hidden guile he goeth
That the evil seed he soweth
In the field of God may root.
In the very name of Jesus
Gathers he the wrangling sect,
Makes the poor soul in her darkness,
Thoughtless lift her hand unloving
Even 'gainst the Lord's elect;
Binds in bundles all the wayward,
That the loyal may be known,
That into the heavenly garners
May the ripened wheat be gathered
From the seed the Lord hath sown.
Evil men he freely scatters
As the tares, by secret foe.
Where the faithful of the Kingdom
By the Lord of Life are planted,
Side by side the evil grow.
Now is harvest and the angels
Bind in bundles sect by sect,
While into the heavenly garners
Angel fingers daily gather
From the tares the Lord's elect.

XV.

Winging downward through the ages
Deathless Spirits from on high
Have been sent with flaming fingers
To prepare the Royal Virgin
As the offspring of the sky.
Clothed with Light, alert and sleepless
Sparing not, each soul they scan,
Pass it through the flame and try it
Morning, evening, unrelenting
Through the dreary life of man.
Sometimes as the grain they beat it
And the shining wheat lay bare;
Sometimes as the gold they heat it,
Seven times in flame repeat it
Till it gloweth bright and fair.
When the seven-fold heat is greatest
Then the dross lets go its hold.
Yea! The flame removes the faithless
From the Christ, as in the burning
Dross is severed from the gold.
When the poor soul feels the burning
And would fly, but dares remain,
Then, behold on wings extended
Cometh ready help from heaven
Giving strength to bear the pain;
Lovingly the Judge in mercy
Bendeth low to hear her cry,
Bids her follow in His leading
Walk the path His feet have trodden
To the rest and peace on high.
Forth He sends a faithful guardian
Watch to keep, both day and night,

From whose brow a heavenly radiance
Flashes on the way of duty,
To the realms of Life and Light.
He the guardian, shows occasion
For each noble, loving deed,
Shows the matchless grace resistless,
Ever ready for the asking
In the crying time of need;
Strength to shun each joy seductive,
Toil pursue, or danger dare,
And the cross rough hewn or jeweled,
In the way that God appointeth,
Patiently in love to bear;
Shows the Church for which the Savior
On the cross in anguish died,
That the loving eye may see her,
That the hearts that love Messiah
May as truly love His Bride,
And in time of grief surround her
Faithfully and tenderly
As the bleeding hearts that gathered
Round the dying Lord of glory
On the hill of Calvary.
At his touch the soul when sleeping
Wakes, ere strikes the wily foe;
When she calls, this guardian angel
Takes her hand and safely leadeth
In the way her feet should go;
If she call not, still he pointeth
To the dangers on the road
While the wily tempter trieth
Which is stronger, death within her,
Or the Light and Life of God.
If she fall, but still arising

Crieth out for help, 'tis then
That He lovingly entreats her
To be strong, unless the tempter,
Coming, she may fall again.
Strength to move the very mountains
Standeth ready at her call;
Every fearful form of evil
Reared aloft by Satan's power
At her earnest cry will fall
Though most weak and frail, the great Judge
Gives her time, and day by day
Waits and watches that she conquer,
At her call sends ready succor,
Bids her watch and fast and pray;
Never, when for help she crieth
Will He fail to stoop and hear,
And for every soul that dieth
While He sits within and trieth
In His love lets fall a tear.
When the tempter tries and tries her,
And all Life and hope have fled,
Only then the angel guardian
With the mark of Cain upon her,
Leaves her numbered with the dead;
While for every soul that triumphs
'Gainst the hidden wiles of sin,
There are shouts among the angels,
Who, descending, help the toilers
All the way of Life to win.

XVI.

Lo! The Spirits good and evil,
Which pervade the earth and sky,

Sent of God, shall weave the vesture
In the great loom of the heavens
Which the Bride shall beautify.
Through the biting flame consuming
Shall their restless footsteps guide,
Till within the dreadful burning
She from every evil turning
Shall be cleansed and purified.
All her fair and costly garments
Whitened are by flame and blood,
And the strength to do and suffer
Shall, forever and forever,
Be her *oneness* with her Lord.

XVII.

Loud above the darkened nations,
Age by age the trump is blown,
Calling day by day to judgment,
While above revolving cycles
Spreads the living, burning throne.
Seen and known by quickened Spirits
Sits the Judge in peerless might,
While unerring, sleepless powers
Gather from the flame and burning
All the children of the Light.

XVIII.

Few indeed with fine perception
Can the heavenly forces see ;
Truth revealed through all the ages,
To the blind as glorious sunset
Passes all unseen away.

Thus the Lord of Life and glory.
Cometh as a thief at night,
Only known to those about Him
While the world in midnight darkness
Heedeth not, nor sees His Light.
When the cleansing and adorning
For the nuptials shall be o'er,
And the Holy Church in beauty
Comes in perfect love to oneness
With her Lord forevermore,
Then the cry: "Behold He cometh,"
Shall be sounded through the night,
And the eyes so used to weeping
Shall be lifted up to see Him
Coming with the hosts of Light.

XIX.

She the Bride meanwhile unconscious
That her loving Lord is near
Watches through the troubled ages,
Counts with aching heart the seasons
Of the passing Christian Year.
Yea! She cries aloud in anguish,
Calling on the Bridegroom's name,
While the unrelenting Spirits
Guiding with unerring wisdom
Lead her through and through the flame;
And she knows not that her trials
Piercing, searching day by day
Are the fingers of the Angels,
And the fierceness of the burning
Is to take her dross away.

XX.

Patiently her Lord beside her
Waits, till cleansed from spot and stain,
She shall rise in peerless beauty
Over all the ransomed nations
Evermore with him to reign.
Men unthinking, in amazement
Wonder at the things they see :
For they know not, slow of learning,
That the passing through the burning
Is the dreadful Judgment Day ;
That the holy Church ascendeth
Into everlasting rest,
As o'er all the subtile forces
Round about her path, she cometh
Into *oneness* without the Christ.

XXI.

Thus arising from the burning
Ever upward day by day,
Purified and clothed in beauty
Souls from out the fiery trial
Pass into the Life away.
And the holy Bride of Jesus
Through the sinful world abroad,
Clothed in Light by Angel fingers,
Riseth out of tribulation
Into oneness with her Lord.
Now was stillness through the chamber;
Hushed and silent as the dead
They who listened to the stranger
Deep within their inmost bosoms

Treasured up the words He said.
Full of wonder in amazement,
While about enrapt they stood,
Lo! The Woodman came to Alian
Holding up a flaming jewel
Crimson as the Savior's blood.
"Take," said He, "this thing of beauty,
Mate it as no other can,
With a former jewel given,
Then thine eyes shall see the secret
Hidden since the world began.
In the coming nuptials place them
O'er the platted thorny crown,
O'er the fair brow of the maiden
Where of old the bleeding Savior
Felt the biting of the thorn."

XXII.

While the loved ones looked and wondered,
As the waning of the day,
As the blush along the heavens,
Fading from the sight, the Woodman
As a vision, passed away.
Then Behold! A heavenly radiance
Fell upon the quickened sight,
And abroad, through all the nations
Saw they Christ, the living Savior
Moving on the wings of Light.
By the Spirit's touch illumined,
All unveiled were wondrous things,
Holy angels, living powers
Moving through the earth and heaven
Evermore on restless wings.

XXIII.

Mitylene meekly rising,
In the loving presence stood;
From her eyes a light was streaming
And her features fair were beaming
With the Light and Life of God.
Glad, with swelling heart, in wonder,
Cried she: "Lo! Mine eyes have seen
Christ the Lord of Life and glory
Clothed in power as raiment,
Reigning in the hearts of men.
Now illumined by the Spirit
I behold Him, Light of Light,
As a Judge the faithful sifting,
And from thoughtful hearts uplifting
All the shadows of the night
Testing Satan's hurtful power
By the Light and Life of God;
And the Church by burning, bringing
Purified, nor spot nor wrinkle,
Into Oneness with her Lord.

XXIV.

He is in our homes and Churches,
Schools of learning, tides of thought,
In upheavals, revolutions;
Yea! The old world's forward movements
By the Living Christ are wrought.
He who moves the worlds of beauty
Through the azure depths on high,
Guiding all the hidden forces,
Also moves our hearts and lifts us
To the Life that fills the sky.

'Tis the Christ Who in His people
Stroke on stroke, not made in vain,
Breaks the Shackles off the nations,
Frees the heaven born Spirit in them
Never to be bound again.
Who in speaking, bronze and granite,
Stands beside the mighty sea,
Holds aloft the torch of freedom,
Cries aloud and bids the bounden
Rise and everywhere be free.

XXV.

In His Church as in a body,
Holy Prophet, Priest, and King,
Gives He Life and makes atonement
'Till the ransomed world be gathered
'Neath the shadow of His wing.
From His brow the Light of heaven
Penetrates the darkened soul,
And the old world and its heavens
Rolls away with death and darkness
As the winding of a scroll.
This indeed is He, the Bridegroom
Waiting till the flame hath tried,
Till the fingers of the angels
Have in beauty set the jewels
On the person of the Bride.
Lo! My dream is now fulfilling
And it is the Father's will
As He taught me in the vision
How to bring my Manaen to me
And the promise to fulfill.

XXVI.

While she spake, along the highway
Through the darkness of the night
Came the gentle aged Aztec,
While the holy, lighted temple
Glittered as a jewel bright.
Glad he held his burning torch up
As a faithful, trusty guide,
And with young men of the village
Quietly and unexpected
Sought the presence of the Bride.

XXVII.

Long they waited while the virgins
Placed their snowy vestments fair,
With their apt and ready fingers
Placed the thorny crown they platted
O'er the coils of braided hair.

XXVIII.

In the Church enrobed and waiting
Stood the Priest beside the rail,
Till the Bride's adorning perfect,
O'er the beauty of her person
Fell the snowy bridal veil.
All was ready, when advancing
As some lovely Eastern queen,
With her fair attendant virgins,
Where the loving Bridegroom waited
Came the gentle Myteline.
There before her Manaen Hobah
Guided by the hand of God,
Glad as was the heart of Jacob

When he found his long lost Joseph
In his manly beauty stood.
"It is Manaen," cried the maiden,
Sinking on his heaving breast,
"God indeed hath brought thee to me,
And my heart hath seen thy coming
And the coming of the Christ."

XXIX.

Pen cannot describe the meeting,
Mind cannot the scene portray;
Yea! The gladness of the moment
Was as meeting of the waters
In the tumult of the sea.

XXX.

Now the music of the service
Rose upon the midnight air,
And the Spirits' benediction
Rested on the loving people
Gathered in the house of prayer.
Through the Church's open portals
Passed the joyous bridal train,
And the Church was full of gladness,
As of joy that runs through heaven
When the lost is found again.

XXXI.

Hand in hand the troth was plighted,
Lovingly each vow was made,
Words by which their lives were welded
With the joyous flow of music
As by angel lips were said.

When the priestly words were uttered
And for aye, the two made one,
Symbol of the Church perfected
Brought to everlasting oneness
In the Father, with the Son,
When the Bride for benediction
Kneeling, meekly bowed her head
Alian placed the mated jewels
O'er the crown and platted tresses
As the unknown giver said.

XXXII.

As the twain arose a wonder
Burst upon the startled sight,
Through the aisles, o'er priest and people,
Round the Bride in radiant beauty
Softly fell a heavenly Light.
O'er her brow the Light encircling
Formed the image of a dove,
While upon the mystic jewels
Full and fair, these words were written,
"*Christ is truth revealing Love.*"
Then a voice arose as music,
Crying: thus the Spirit saith,
"All who will may live forever ;
For the *Love* that *Truth* revealeth
Is the *Life* that conquers *Death.*"

XXXIII.

Round about, the Light effulgent
Fairer, brighter than the day,
Filled the little Church with glory
And through all the vale of darkness

Lighted up the narrow way.
Then the virgins on the mountain
In the fourth watch of the night
Heard a tumult of rejoicing
And the cry, "Behold He cometh
On the spreading wings of Light."
In the Light each one remembered
How that *Love* makes all men *One*
Through one Spirit with the Father,
And that this is the AT-ONE-MENT
Made with God, through Christ the Son,
That this growing into oneness
Is the Great King's marriage feast,
Sinful men redeemed from evil,
One with God and with each other
By their oneness with the Christ;
That the Life exalts the faithful,
Brings them to that blest abode
Where the loved ones of all ages
Rising out of tribulation
Come to oneness with the Lord;
Where the holy Church perfected,
Leaneth on the Savior's breast
In the Father's many mansions,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

XXXIV.

Here my ready art hath failed me;
For no pen can draw the scene,
Tell the rapturous joy exceeding,
When the maiden, unexpecting,
Looked upon her Manaen.

Can the heart conceive the rapture
Which shal rise the Church within
When she shall perceive beside her
Christ, her Lord, long waiting for her,
Through the darkness all unseen.
Lo! The Lord of Life is waiting
Till the gladsome time shall come,
When with shining hosts about Him,
Clothed in Life and Light and beauty
He shall bear His loved one home.
You may see Him, O beloved!
Though not with the carnal eye ;
Spirits piercing, undimmed vision
Can alone perceive the Spirits
And the powers of the sky.
You may see God's holy angels,
Feel their wings within your breast,
Feel their noiseless burning footsteps,
And above them fair and radiant
See the everliving Christ.

XXXV.

This is not a poet's fiction
Open to the thoughtless ken ;
'Tis a picture, though imperfect
Of the living princely powers
Moving through the hearts of men.
Where the carcass is, the eagle's,
Gathered are, and so the Christ,
Now unto the eagle visioned,
Shineth as the lightning flasheth
From the East unto the West.
Was it not foretold us plainly

Ere the end should come that day
That the Lord of Life departed,
He should come, The Prince of this World,
And the living Faith decay,
That should come contentions, strivings,
And with many love grow cold,
God should smite the faithful shepherd
And the ravening wolves should enter,
Scatter and not spare the fold,
That a "little while" He cometh
As a thief at dead of night,
While men sleep in midnight darkness,
'Till the sinful world is wakened
By the spreading of the Light,
That all eyes should look upon Him,
That the Light the Foe should slay,
That by Him the heavenly Kingdom
To the Father should be given
Which shall never pass away,
That should be one fold and shepherd,
All the born of God made one,
Knit and bound in love together,
One forever and forever
In the Father, with the Son.
This beloved is At-one-ment,
Man redeemed made One with God,
All the rended scattered churches
Brought to everlasting Oneness
By their Oneness with the Lord.
Maranatha! Maranatha!
Even so, Lord Jesus come ;
Cleanse Thy holy Church and make her
One with Thee in Life and take her
Evermore unto Thy home.

Be ye lifted up forever
O, ye everlasting gates!
Look! O Daughter fair of Zion!
He the Lord of Life and glory
For His well beloved waits.

FINIS

The Trial.

In the bosom of each mortal
Dwells unseen an angel guardian,
Full of eyes, alert and sleepless
  Watching for the weal of men.
To his charge the soul is given,
Lest within the dreary darkness,
From the way of Life she wander
  Never to return again.

From his brow, in heavenly radiance,
'Long the way of Life eternal
Shines a Light upon the pathway
  To the heavenly rest afar;
Showing to the Spirit's vision
Every subtile form of evil,
Flashing through the dreary darkness,
  As a beauteous blazing star.

Fair as light within a garden,
As our Mother Eve in Eden,
In the presence of the Tempter,
  Thoughtless as a child at play,
Dwells the stainless soul immortal,
Given to his subtile power,
Who by trial, findeth whether
  She will stand, or fall away.

If she fall, the death eternal
Springeth up within her being,

Guides her willing feet and leads her
  Into all excess of sin.
Then the earth brings forth her briars;
Every tearing pang of sorrow
Hangs along the way of evil
  When the poor soul stoops to sin.

On the boughs of evil knowledge
Hang in shining, golden clusters
Lucious fruits, all too enticing
  To the lustful gaze of men:
He the sleepless, angel guardian
Warns us not to pluck or taste them,
Lest by eating, grow within us
  All the hurtful force of sin.

But, the Tempter dread allures us
By their perfect forms of beauty,
By the daring, bold assurance
  That the eating makes one wise;
While the guardian angel whispers,
That the weakness, whence the wisdom,
Is the Death, the armed angel
  At the gate of Paradise.

He who eats of joys forbidden,
'Gainst the loving, heavenly warning,
Findeth Death enthroned within him,
  While the kind monitions cease.
In the *Trial* he has fallen,
And a flaming sword arising,
Guards the Tree of Life, that standeth
  In the midst of Paradise.

Think not, O, thou child of evil!
That the wretched soul who wanders
From the Life and peace of heaven
Finds it easy to return ;
For the way of Life is narrow,
And the aspect stern of virtue
Is the flaming sword, that turneth
Every way your feet may turn.

Souls that cannot bear life's *Trial*,
Have no strength to do and suffer.
Working good in face of evil,
'Mong the blessed have no place:
Thus the Father, wills the passing
Through the burning, fiery *Trial*,
And in clouds, from the beloved,
Hides the brightness of His face.

He hath work for evil angels,
And through shining worlds, unnumbered,
Through the cycles of the ages,
Evil souls have work to do:
Such are formed for deeds of darkness
And the subtile hosts of evil,
Separate them, vile and graceless,
From the faithful, good and true.

He, the very Life and essence,
Of eternal *Truth* and *Goodness*,
Hath no pleasure in our sufferings,
When the deathless soul is tried ;
But the whole of heaven rejoices,
When the poor soul, looking upward,

Rises o'er the Tempter's power,
Through a body crucified.

Thus the subtile forms of evil,
Dreadful, watchful, all pervading,
Knowing every human weakness,
Are ordained to sift and try ;
And 'tis through the fiery trial,
That the soul leaps up unfettered,
Mounting on its strengthened pinions
To the mansions of the sky.

When the wily Tempter cometh,
They who fall into the evil,
Ever helpless to resist it,
Eat the fruit that makes them wise,
Makes them feeling, know the evil,
Then the flaming sword arising,
Guardeth every way that leadeth
Back to peace and Paradise.

Down the way of endless darkness,
Leads the wise and subtile Spirit,
With temptations, aptly chosen,
To entice and lead astray.
Though within, the Angel Guardian
Cries aloud and shows the danger,
Still the soul, with blunted senses,
Heareth not, nor turns away.

Thus through all the troubled ages,
Since Messiah came in *Judgment*,
Seated on His throne within us,
Has progressed the Trial dread.

Souls unconscious of the presence,
Day by day, are tried and sifted,
And fill up the heavenly garners,
Or are numbered with the dead.

"Prince of this world!" in this judgment,
He who sits enthroned within us,
Tries in thee, the strength of evil,
'Gainst the powers of the *Light;*
While the day of God advances,
And the sullen hosts of darkness
Go reluctant, beaten, driven
To the endless gloom of night.

And the hosts of God arising
From the dreadful fiery trial,
As the gold comes from the burning,
Pass into the starry skies;
And as holy constellations,
One by one, in radiant beauty,
Shining as the light of heaven,
O'er the darkened nations rise.

No Cross, No Crown.

O bitter crown of anguish,
Besprinkled o'er with blood,
By cruel fingers platted,
To crown the Son of God!

None wear such crown, but princes
Of highest, best degree,
Who bear the Cross, and follow
The Christ to Calvary.

The strong, the angel-hearted,
Who toil for others' gain,
Wear aye this crown, bejeweled
With ruby drops of pain.
The red gems gleam and glitter,
In light, upon the brow,
Which comes from the hereafter
To guide our footsteps now.

This crown, the world bestoweth
Upon the great and good,
Whose feet will dare to walk in
The narrow way to God;
Who lead the toiling army,
Against the might of sin,
And for the Lord of Glory
The final conquest win.

The world is ever ready
God's children to adorn;
She gives a crown of glory,
But weaves it out of thorn.
O, Father! hear and grant me
To wear this radiant crown,
When at the feet of Jesus,
I lay the red cross down.

Bloodguiltiness.

"Our mother the Church, hath never a child
To honor before the rest,
But she singeth the same for mighty Kings
And the verriest babe on her breast." (Coxe.)
But, Mother the Church, hath many a child,
Whom she turns on the world to die,
As cruel men turn cattle forth,
When the fountains of life run dry.

And many a priest of the most High God,
Unheeded sinks to his rest,
Whose thread-bare garb, enfolds a heart,
That aches as the heart of Christ,
For the thoughtless ones, who care not for
The faithful and the true,
And thus their Master crucify
While "they know not what they do."

Our mother the Church, has stains of blood
On her snowy vestments fair,
And the loving eyes of the Son of God
Have wept to see them there,
And pleading have turned to the Father's throne
In the deepness of His love,
That His light may shine on the crimson spots,
And the glaring shame remove.

Oh! Mother the Church, regard thy sons,
Who have heard the dear Lord's cry,
And giving up all, have followed Him
And are not afraid to die ;
The crown of thorns, upon the brow,
In glittering light we see.
To them, 'tis glory, honor, power,
But, 'tis a shame to thee.

The Kingdom of God.

God's Kingdom is not of this world,
With trampling hosts and flags unfurled;
Though unperceived by flesh and sense,
'Tis real, yea, 'tis not from hence.

The battle, which his children win,
Is not with clamor, noise and din;
But is the conquest of the *Light*,
O'er fearful shadows of the night.

The heaven where the faithful go,
Is not of gold and jewels ; no!
In all creation, far and wide,
The well beloved of God abide.

The rapture of the saints, untold,
Is not to walk on streets of gold ;
But in those glittering worlds abroad,
To be, and live *The Life of God.*

The jewels which God's children wear,
Are not rich stones, on braided hair ;
But graces, bright, exalted, true,
Which noble, loving deeds can do.

Man's real life, is not the breath,
Which going from us, men call death ;
But is the Life of God above,
That fills creation broad, with love.

Nor, is the yielding of the breath,
What is indeed, most truly death ;
Where is no *Love*, its *Light* to shed,
There only are the truly dead.

What is, is endless, and to be,
Is either life, or death alway ;
The living thing, that yields the breath,
Is only taking wing at death.

Thus, they who live, and yet are dead ;
Where evil reigns the Life instead,
Cease not their being, with their breath,
But still live on ; their life is death.

Such need no place apart to dwell,
No biting flame; themselves are hell ;
Themselves are torture, and to be
Is flame enough, for aye and aye.

Salvation meaneth saved from sin;
Damnation is the Death within;
The diff'rence is not in the place,
But in degrees of death and grace.

The gulf betwixt the saved and lost,
Is not of flame, all tempest tossed,
From hence 'tis fixed, to heaven above,
The distance, is 'twixt hate and love.

The flame, that is not quenched, the coal
That penetrates and burns the soul,
Is Spirit, unrelenting, thin,
That follows every act of sin.

The glittering way from hence to God
Is marked by ruby stains of blood,
The signs of conflict with the Foe :
'Tis not a path of roses ; No!

The steps we make, are made within :
Each one a triumph over sin ;
The end, when all the way is trod,
Is oneness with the Christ, in God.

The crown of Life, which then we wear,
Is made of platted thorns, but there
The ruby drops, that here run down,
Are jewels in this fadeless crown.

Choosing a Bishop.

The mitre, place ye not on him,
Whose thoughtless heart would dare,
Ambitiously, to thrust his head,
A jeweled crown to wear:

And place it not, with worldly craft;
Nor on the partizan;
God's Spirit, tells us how to look,
His Spirit marks the man.

It is a crown of thorns, and he
Who wears it for his good;
Who wears it for the Church's weal,
Must wear it like the Lord,
As chief to suffer, in the way,
So rough, so hard to tread,
Must make it by his deeds of love
To glorify his head.

He is not Christ's, who in the Church
Seeks out the highest seat,
For Christ Himself, stopped down to wash
His own disciples' feet,
And taught us by this act, that in
The Kingdom from above,
The highest exaltation is
The perfectness of love.

The noblest of the Sons of God,
Are such, as feel no shame,
In doing any menial act
To glorify His name;
And they shall find, when comes that day,
The winding up of years,
They too have washed those weary feet,
Which Mary washed with tears.

The man of God loves not to be
Exalted in men's eyes,

But craveth strength to do and bear,
With all self-sacrifice.
To him, position, power, fame,
Temptations, are a snare,
From which he turns his heart away
By fasting and by prayer.

O, Father! guide Thy holy Church
With wisdom from on high,
To choose, who most Thy holy name
Shall laud and magnify;
Who most shall do Thy holy will;
Who most Thy will shall bear,
And ever like the bleeding Lord,
The painful glory wear.

Written in an Album.

Upon this page, so pure and clean
I breathe a prayer;
That God will keep thy loving heart
As clean and fair,
And write in clear and deathless lines
His image there,
And, that thy life in love well spent,
Thy name, shall be
Imprinted on the Book of Life
For aye and aye,
And graven deep upon the heart
Of God, alway.

Morning, Noon and Night.

I.

MORNING.

My God, my Father! Who in peace hath kept
Thy children from the evil while we slept,
In mercy, guide and guard us, in Thy way,
Through all the struggles of this present day.

From angels, sinless powers, and archangels high
Trisagions, roll in floods along the sky.
All nature, and the living creatures raise
In tender accents, loving songs of praise.

But we, so sinful Lord! and full of stains
But feebly utter, such exalted strains.
So weak, with dreadful foes, weighed down with care
The hymn exultant, ever turn to prayer.

Behold! The Foe is here, the dawn hath found
Him, watching still the narrow way around;
And all about us, thinner than the breath,
Are marshaled legions, of the host of death.

Like soldiers trained to war, disguised they prowl
Unseen and dreadful, round the helpless soul,

They march as warriors, in the host of *Light*,
To lead astray and foil us in the fight.

Some wear the radiant garb of angels high
As sent to guard and guide, when foes are nigh;
And others, watching long, in ambush hide,
To take us, if we turn our steps aside.

Temptations, strong and fearful, day by day,
Are strewn as jewels bright along our way,
And angel forms allure us, but to win
Our weary footsteps to the walks of sin.

Still others strive, in cruel station higher,
And lash us, as with flaming swords of fire;
Deprive us of our fortunes, comforts, ease,
And slay us in the tortures of disease.

And this, O Father! but to turn away,
Our poor, sad hearts, from serving Thee,
To bring despair, for in our bitter lot,
Thou seem'st to hide Tyself and heed us not.

But Father! Weak and fainting though we be,
Through Thine own Son, have we been born to Thee
Then clothe us with Thyself, be Thou our might
'Gainst all the powers of the foe to fight.

And, if he wound us, and we fall, give then
In mercy Lord! the strength to rise again,
And strive, 'till in Thy image and forever free,
We are redeemed, exalted and made one with Thee.

II.

NOON.

My God, my Father! Now with suppliant knee,
Out from the sinful world, we come to Thee ;
We fain would tread the paths our Savior trod,
And fight the battles of the Lamb of God.

All weak and faint, unarmed, undrilled, we stand,
With every subtile fiend and foe at hand ;
Be with us then; our fortress be, and might,
And in Thy mercy, teach our hands to fight.

With Thine own weapons, Lord! eternal Truth and Love,
All radiant, with the powers from above,
May we go forth, in faith, and peerless might,
'Gainst all the powers of the Foe to fight.

Against the evil of the heart within,
The world without, and all the tribes of sin,
Yea! Give us strength to triumph, and to rise
Unto the many mansions of the skies.

Let Thou no worldly gains, or pleasures sweet,
From hardness of the contest, turn our feet,
And may no love, or care for self, restrain
Our feet from walking in the paths of pain.

Give Thou us strength, to strive unto the death,
And serve Thee with the latest dying breath;
Be Thou our Leader, and our ways control,
Lest, while we gain the World, we lose the soul.

And let us not be doubting, nor forget
That Thou, O, Word of God! art living yet;
That Thou, not we, with high, angelic train,
Dost build Thy Kingdom, in the hearts of men.

Oh! Let us not be fearful, but be strong,
And meet the Foe, and strive and suffer long,
Till Thou, Thyself, shalt call us from the strife,
To crown us, with the crown of endless Life.

Against the "*Lawless One*," "The Man of Sin,"
Who towers as a prince, Thy Church within,
May we fight long and well, 'till he be slain,
And Thou, dear Savior, come in peace to reign.

Let Thy sweet Kingdom come from shore to shore,
Let all be one in Thee, and strive no more,
'Till from the hate of varying clan and sect,
We rise, "The Kingdom of the Lord's elect.

III.

NIGHT.

O, Radiant Leader of the hosts of Light,
Resplendent in Thy grace, and peerless might!
With aching hearts, and wounded in the fray,
For rest, we gather, at the close of day.

Our ranks are thin, for in the dreadful strife,
Have fallen many, from the way of Life,

And all unconscious of the ways they tread,
Are bound with many chains, and captive led.

The loved ones, who so precious in Thy sight,
Had thought to wear the crowns of Glory and of Light
Ensnared by powers, fearful and unseen,
Deceived, are walking in the paths of sin.

We, have not come, unharmed, with armor bright
But many times have fallen in the fight,
And now with wounds that rack the soul with pain
At eve, we gather from the strife again.

But still, the Foe, with eyes, that never sleep,
Prowls like a wolf, around the flock of sheep,
And through the weary watches of the night,
With stealthy step, advances to the fight.

Then Savior! Captain! In Thy wounded breast,
Oh! Let us lay our weary heads to rest ;
Watch by our side, and in Thy mercy keep
Thy fainting children in a peaceful sleep.

And when the night is past, and still we go,
All weak and faint, to strive against the Foe,
And on he comes, in darkness, and in might
Our fingers, teach to war, our hands to fight.

And when the fight is o'er, the vict'ry won,
And all Thou gavest Lord, to do is done,
Though maimed and halt, in mercy let us rest,
In peace forever, in Thy wounded breast.

IV.

O! PEERLESS LEADER—

O, Peerless Leader of the hosts of Light!
With crown, and flaming sword, and armor bright
From Thy fair Kingdom, Lo! Thy Light we see,
And from the darkness, come to follow Thee.

The "Prince of this world," with an iron rod,
Now ruleth o'er us, in the room of God;
Doth trample with his feet, in peerless reign,
And sway all nations, of the sons of men.

His minions tread with impious feet and foul,
The living chambers of the deathless soul;
Around that temple, where, Thyself should'st dwell
Encamp the legions of the hosts of hell.

They marshal there their warriors for the fight,
And build the ramparts and the towering height
They scale the ruby walls, with feet unclean,
Or lie in ambush for the souls of men.

And where, along Thy Kingdom's borders far,
Each soul redeemed, alike some blazing star,
Keeps constant watch, they come and go,
And take no rest to work our overthrow.

O, Savior! free us with Thy arm of might,
And makes us Thine, the children of the *Light.*
With shining armor, helmet, shield and sword,
Make Thou us, Soldiers of the Living God,

And give us grace and strength, to toil and fight,
'Till coming down from heaven, fair and bright
Thy Kingdom shall prevail o'er death and night,
O, Peerless Leader of the hosts of *Light.*

Chari Dei.

These are Christ's faithful ones,
The holy men,
Watching, fasting, lest
When He come again
He find them sleeping.

Toilers, these all the day
In heat and pain
Sowing, with busy hands
The shining grain,
For the last great reaping.

These are the children of grief :
Sad mourners here ;
Sufferers for others' gain,
Through all the year,
Who work in weeping.

These are the rich, whose wealth
Is far above,
Noble, exalted souls,
In deeds of love,
Their treasure heaping.

These are the deathless few
Who live on high
Up, where their treasure is,
In the great deep sky
In God's sure keeping.

Cross of Christ.

Cross of Christ! Thou lovely tree!
Sweet is all thy wood to me;
Sweet in measure, sweet in grace,
Sweet where turned the Savior's face,
When hung to die.

Sweet thy nails, thy form of pain,
Sweet thy spots of bloody stain,
Sweet where hung that fainting head,
Where those limbs in pain were spread,
Which did no ill.

Glow, bright tree, o'er altars fair,
Where Christ walks, be thou too there.
On each height, exalted, lone,
Shed the light, when day is gone,
And greet it first.

O'er each way, o'er hill and glen,
Meet thou first the eyes of men:
Blood stained wood! from week to week,
All the world must hear thee speak,
And learn of thee.

Cross of Christ, so crimson red!
Stand aloft, thy arms outspread:
Tree of Life! Sweet thing of sense!
Speak in thy mute eloquence,
Of Jesus' death.

Speak of love, the distance show,
Christian men in love should go:
Speak, till all shall weep in shame,
Who but wear the Savior's name,
And suffer none.

Cross of Christ, that soul is dead,
Who can see the Lord's blood shed,
Who can see thy Light on high,
And would not feel blessed to die,
Like Christ the Lord.

Holy Church, dost thou not place
On each brow, this sign of grace,
Place it there, in love to show,
How that we in weal or woe,
Should work for good?

Cross of Christ, I feel thee now,
Feel thee burn into my brow,
Well I know thee there to say:
Christian, give thy life away,
In works of love.

Suffer thou, and bear thy cross,
Christians gain in loss on loss ;
They who most like Christ would be
Suffer most, and make this tree
A daily sign.

At Home To-Day.

To the Rev. Jno. N. Norton, D. D. of Frankfort, Ky.

My spirit is over the sea to-day;
O'er the deep unquiet sea,
And walks the walks of my childhood days,
Where the loved of my bosom be;
It treads where often my feet have trod,
The way to the beautiful house of God.

I hear the notes of love arise
On the mellow, stilly air,
And see the dearest of all the earth,
Who kneel in that house of prayer;
I hear the glorious words they say
In that beautiful Church, so far away,

I hear the moving and tender words,
Of him I dearly love,
Who found me beside the pathway of life,
And guiding, and looking above,
Hath brought me home to the Savior's Bride
Now dearer than all the earth beside.

I join the glorious tide of song,
That rises so sweetly there,
And kneel me down where my parents kneel,
In an earnest and heartfelt prayer,
The tender and eloquent words I say,
That rise to the Lord, from that Church away.

The people around me know me not,
For the world is great and broad ;
Though they have the same sweet hope as I,
And trust in the same dear Lord,
But alas! The love of the Lord hath flown,
And His children may wander the earth unknown

Whenever I look on the churches here,
Each beautiful, costly fane,
How deeply I feel, in my inmost soul,
That the Church is rent in twain ;
That the children of God, in their darkness
But the name of Love, and the outward show.

They call me here a heretic,
The lip in scorn is curled ;
They seem not to know, that Christ the Lord
Hath a Church in all the world,
And never have known of that inward birth
That bindeth in one the whole of the earth.

While far away, in my own dear Church,
My spirit in worship kneels,
O Father of all! In thy mercy hear
My prayer, and my strong appeals;
For I beg in the name of Thy own dear Son
That Thy Church on earth may again be one.

The Church of England.

'Tis said in ancient chronicle,
That Jesus shed His light,
In Greece, and Rome, and Britain,
When all the world was night:
The very cross that bore Him,
Nor blight, nor rot had seen,
Till Christ was known in Britain
From Bangor to Carleen.

A host had crossed the channel,
And unseen moved abroad,
With flaming sword and armor,
The Leader was the Lord.
The powers of the Spirit,
On restless wings, were sent
To Cornwall, and to Lindisfarne,
To Lindisfarne, from Kent.

All through those woods primeval,
Where Druid rites were heard,
Now moved the Holy Spirit,
And the army of the Word ;
And like the living beauty,
By costly jewels shed,
Uprose the Savior's Kingdom ;
The living from the dead.

The first of Britain's teachers,
Were Paul and Joseph, then
Cindav the Jew and Ilid,
And brave Arwrystlyhen ;
From those, with high commission,
Most glorious lines descended,
And Christ the Lord is with them,
Until the world shall end.

From Sumerset and Cornwall,
St. Davids and Landaff,
From Lanbadarn and Bangor,
And far from St. Asaph,
The lines from Christ went onward,
Till every where they spread,
To make for Him disciples,
And break the living bread.

From seeds the faithful planted,
Rose Christians up to die,
To suffer for the Britons,
As Christ on Calvary:
St. Alban, yea and Aaron,
And Socrates can claim,
To be the first in Britain
To suffer in Christ's name.

In councils, stood her bishops,
That all the world might see,
That Christ's dear Church was living
In this island of the sea.

When came the Monk Augustin,
And trod her shores upon,
They saw the yoke he brought them,
And would not put it on.

These holy bishops lifted,
The first of any land,
'Gainst Rome and her aggression,
A meek, forbidding hand:
The pope was not their father,
Though in the bonds of love,
They owned him as a brother,
Their Father was above.

Old Rome, could never conquer
The spirit that she found
E'er springing up in Britain,
As seed springs from the ground;
The Briton's Church loves freedom,
And not the yoke that binds,
From where the Roman placed it,
They cast it to the winds.

As restless waves of ocean
That play upon her sea,
From foreign lords and churches
Old England, would be free.
She knows her rites and powers,
And scorns, with scorn of scorn,
Who make a cruel shackle,
And seeks to put it on.

Old Latimer and Ridley,
And Cranmen too, can show,
As all her host of martyrs,
How England's blood can flow,
To drive away oppression,
And keep her ever free,
As God decreed forever,
When he placed her in the sea.

From Dinoth unto Wickliff,
From Wickliff unto Laud,
Fought mighty ones for England,
Her Altars, Kings and God.
Not Rome's unholy power,
Could triumph o'er her long,
For when she fights for such things,
Old England's heart is strong.

Thus, holy apostolic,
All catholic and free,
She calls to other churches,
Beyond her narrow sea;
That no presuming bishop
May reign in Jesus' stead,
That Christ, alone in glory
May ever be the head.

Now far unto the westward,
Her surpliced lines have run,
Till westward is the eastward,
And all the earth is won.

Her children chant her worship,
  Her olden songs and free,
Beyond the great Pacific,
  In the islands of the sea.

The sun ne'er sets upon her,
  Nor does her worship cease,
But rolls a tide Seraphic
  Of joyous love and peace,
'Till all the earth is circled,
  And floods of rapture rise,
As hosts of angels meeting,
  And shouting through the skies.

In Britain's Church I glory,
  And pray the Lord that I
Arising from her bosom
  May meet Him in the sky;
And ever will I pray Him,
  In tender love, that He
Will make all other churches
  As loyal, noble, free.

I Walk With Him.

I walk with Him
  From morn to eventide:
Along the way,
  He treadeth by my side.
The way is rough,
  And weary are my feet;
But, Oh! To walk with Him!
  How blessed and how sweet.

The furnace, fierce
With lurid flame and broad,
Lies just across
The narrow way to God.
He takes my hand
And leads me through the flame ;
I cry aloud,
He leadeth still the same.

I strain my eyes,
And say: perchance my Lord,
Around the flames,
There is an easier road;
But still He leads,
And says: the gold is tried,
And seven times
In flame is purified.

'Tis ever thus
He comforts me, and still
With cries I bend
In anguish to His will.
I deeply strain
The powers of my soul,
To meekly bow
Unto His firm control ;

For heaven hath
No gift so dear to me,
As passing through
The flame, at last to be
Like Christ My Lord,
Who walketh by my side;
No dross; but bright,
Exalted, purified.

The Rebuke.

It was in the still of the evening,
When the stars were bright,
And the moon shed a silvery radiance
On the clouds of night.
I was looking down the pathway,
That led to my home;
For—I said to myself—some loved one
Perchance may come.

As I looked, the way seemed brighter
Than it seemed before;
And one, like the blessed Savior
Drew nigh my door.
He came all meekly, gently
Along the way;
His face lit up the garden,
As the light of day.

Till then, my heart had been aching,
As if it would break,
For the many things that I suffered
For Jesus' sake;
And, Oh! I bitterly prayed Him,
To take me hence
From the cross, the cross of affliction,
And its offense.

As nearer drew this bright One
Unto my door,
Came thoughts of Love and Duty
As ne'er before.

He stood with His death wounds bleeding,
And bared His side.
I saw that it was my Savior:—
The crucified.

In very shame, for my weakness
I hung my head.
When I looked again, He was not,
But a sweet voice said,
"Let not, let not the servant
Be above his Lord;
Behold! how He labored and suffered
And shed His blood."

O, Jesus my blessed Savior,
May I ever be,
Still more and more in Thy likeness,
As I follow Thee:
May I labor and sorrow and suffer;
But never again
Think the cross Thou givest me heavy,
Nor shrink from its pain.

The Answered Prayer.

I prayed in faith, not doubting
That every faithful prayer
Ascendeth up to heaven,
Is heard and answered there.
I prayed through Christ, believing
That any prayer we frame,
Doth find acceptance only
As offered in His name.

I prayed for God's great Spirit,
To guide, to guard, to fill
My soul with strength and wisdom,
To do His holy will;
That Christ, the Word eternal,
Would come within my breast,
And guide my painful footsteps,
Through labor, unto rest.

I prayed that my poor body,
So tortured by disease,
So racked with pain, and helpless
Would find at last release,
And filled with Life eternal,
Forever free from pain,
Would strive to build the Kingdom,
Within the hearts of men.

In perfect consecration
Myself and all that's given
In sixty or a hundred fold,
To render back to heaven.
I prayed in prayer most urgent,
And ever in Christ's name;
At morn, at night, unceasing,—
At length the answer came.

It was not an exemption
From sorrow, pain and care,
The which had been the burden
Of every daily prayer;
But was the high conception
Which lights my bosom still,
That Love to God is two-fold,
To *do* and *bear* His will.

Now, by this Light from heaven,
The answer to my prayer,
That stirs the Life within me,
Brings peace and comfort there,
I see, that while my body
And all pertaining, dies,
'Tis only thus, my Spirit
Is fitted for the skies.

The Lost Woman.

I saw a poor lost woman.
As she walked the street;
Her clothing was thin and scanty,
And bare her feet.
Away she went in silence,
With sunken eye,
And dared not look for pity,
From the passers by.

For Lo ! She felt too deeply,
Her soul within,
How little feel the sinful,
For those who sin.
So she passed into the silence
Through the frosty air,
And went along the highway,
She reck'd not where.

She had a deal of beauty
In her purer days,
And tender ones to love her
For her winning ways:

Had any one then told her
That men deceive,
She, pure and unsuspecting
Could not believe.

An evil one beheld her ;
She erred and fell,
And turned her thoughtless footsteps
Towards death and hell.
The fond ones, who would love her,
To seek and save,
In sorrow and heart broken
Went down to the grave.

She needed now good counsel,
Some gentle one
To speak kind words, to save her;
But there was none.
Had the meek and gentle Savior
But met her then,
He would have taught and led her
Aback again.

But, Christians, named for Jesus,
Who call Him Lord,
Tread not the ways of mercy
Wherein He trod.
Their tall and splendid Churches
Are bright and fair,
But yet, we find not always
That Christ dwells there.

Alas! This poor lost woman,
Has passed to-day
Full many of these Christians,
Along her way;
And now, when the winds are bitter,
In the eventide,
How many are there passing
"On the other side."

The sins we see in others,
Are in our breast,
And holy men may wander,
Alike the rest;
Why then is there no pity,
No love at all,
To move the hearts of Christians,
Towards those who fall.

Methinks I see the Savior,
At the day of doom,
And all the dead, arising
From out the tomb;
Methinks I see the false ones,
As they go away,
And in that dread confusion,
Can hear Him say:

Depart from me; ye cursed,
Such is your Lot:
Ye have not kept my sayings,
And I know you not,
Ye have not loved nor served me
In all your days;
Inasmuch as ye have not done it
Unto such as these.

Lift Up the Light.

Teach, O, ye teachers of the world
With zeal and might.
The wand'rers from the way of God,
Need heavenly Light.
The night is dark. The way is rough
In which we tread:
And all along the narrow way
Are pit falls spread.

O'er barren wilds, not pastures green,
Through all the day,
With thoughtless feet, and heeding not
We've gone astray:
And now 'tis dark, from hill and vale
Are forms of fear,
And Lo! The shepherd's voice
We fail to hear.

The Antechrist, who was to come,
With power dread,
Doth lead, unknown, the sheep of God
In Jesus' stead.
With crafty eye, alert he calls
Unto the sheep,
And far and wide, o'er scattered folds,
His watch doth keep.

The ravening wolf, with hungry jaws
Prowls in the way.
With fearful roar, the lion dread,
Seeks for his pray:
And we, the lost, have wandered far
Into the night;
With trembling fear, we cry aloud
For heavenly light.

If careless of your tender charge,
Ye fear, or sleep,
Or slothful, keep not faithful watch
O'er all the sheep,
How will ye answer unto God,
For all the dead,
Who fall into the lion's jaws,
Or pit-falls spread.

If but the Light be lifted up
That Jesus lit
The wanderers from the fold of God
Will come to it,
Lift up the Light! Lift up the Light!
Cry, cry aloud!
For ye must give, for every sheep,
Account to God.

Awake, O, Shepherds of Israel!

Is there indeed a line of men
In all the world abroad,
The Shepherds of the sheep, who are
Successors of the Lord,
With high commission, sent of Him,
As He was sent of God?

With plentitude of power,
Who shall guard against the Foe,
And feed the flock and keep the sheep
In Christ, forevermore,
And when the ravening wolf shall come,
Shall work his overthrow?

Yea! Yea! There is a white robed line,
In all the world abroad,
The Bishops are the Shepherds sent,
With power by the Lord;
They only can, against the Foe,
Keep safe the fold of God.

That Christ the Lord, will look to them,
Themselves will not gainsay.
'Tis chiefly theirs, in all the world,
To seek the lost and stray,
To guide, and guard, and feed the flock,
And drive the wolf away.

Then, do they know the wolf has come,
As prophets have foretold,
And through the world, hath torn the sheep,

And scattered, far the fold,
That far and wide, the lambs of God
Are wand'ring o'er the wold?

What Christ, the Lord hath given them,
No man may take away:
The wolf that rends the Church of God
Their hands alone can stay:
And woe unto the helpless flock,
If these their trust betray.

Cry, cry aloud, O, scattered sheep!
In all the world abroad,
Until the sleeping Shepherds rise,
With power from the Lord
To drive the ravening wolf away,
And save the Church of God.

The Brotherhood of God.

The holy Church, the Catholic,
Whom Christ the Lord shall wed,
Is that, which from Jerusalem,
O'er all the world hath spread.
And there can be no other Church,
To reign with Christ instead.

Her faithful priests, arrayed in light
In flowing, snowy vest,
Have borne the Gospel seed abroad,
And planted East and West,
And all the nations, have from her
Their heritage in Christ.

From Juda unto Motherland,
To India and Cathay,
Then South and West, the holy Church
O'er all the world holds sway,
And builds the new Jerusalem
In the islands of the sea.

No other Church can be but this:
Though every foe assail,
The Lord hath said, who fights for her,
She never more shall fail,
Nor shall the gloomy gates of hell
Against her life prevail.

The Roman Church, that went from her
Can never be her head ;
Nor they, who faithless fall away
Acknowledged in her stead ;
Nor can a wayward man-made church
The Royal Bridegroom wed.

But he hath come of whom the Lord
In warning hath foretold ;
And Lo! The Prince of this world reigns
In power manifold;
And ravening wolfs have entered in
Not sparing of the fold.

That Love Divine grows cold, that erst
God's children dear hath bound;
And now, if He, the Lord should come;
In all the world around,
Oh ! tell me ; where in any land,
Shall perfect faith be found?

Her children miss a mother's love
And wander from her side ;
And some, while gloating in their shame
Her wretched state deride,
For Lo ! In her the loving Lord
Again is crucified.

O ! Mother Church, awake ! awake !
And spread thine arms abroad,
And loving, call thy children home,
To oneness in the Lord,
And make all nations of the earth,
The Brotherhood of God.

In Memoriam.

Of COL. J. J. DANIEL.

"Alas ! Alas !"—the world hath said—
"The man we all have loved is dead."
For little do the rabble weigh
The meaning of the words they say.
They see the gasp, that yields the breath,
And idly think that this is death ;
For Lo ! The world hath never known,
What is the *Life* or *Death* alone.
The simply yielding up the breath,
Can never be man's real death ;
For what the hand of God hath made,
Abides for aye, and is not dead.
The *Life*, Messiah from above
Brought down to men, is *Living Love.*

The Spirit to our spirits saith
The absence of this *Love* is *Death*.
As is the worm, itself the tomb,
From which a higher life shall come,
So grows the *Life* through heart and brain
Which nevermore, shall die again.
The body is God's fair design,
To mould the flow of *Life Divine*.
Through living walls, through heart and vein
A ruby current mounts the brain,
And builds the mass, from which is wrought
The deathless form that springs from thought
The nervous cords are silver strings,
Where Spirits pass on beating wings;
And touching as they onward fly,
Transmit the Life, that cannot die;
Till from the body as a tomb,
From brain and heart, as from the womb,
Born from the touch of God above,
The being springs, whose *Life* is *Love* ;
Who feeds on Christ, and day by day,
Grows one with Him in God, alway ;
Who has the strength in time of need
To do each tender, loving deed;
And as the endles love of God,
To bless alike the vile and good.
Such life had he of whom 'tis said
"The man we all have loved is dead."
He now abides, with that fair host,
Who loved and toiled and suffered most.
Such cannot die; They must abide,
Though perish all the world beside.
Alas! Alas! We know instead,
That they who call him dead, are dead.

Never Alone.

Absent from thee, dear Cordelia,
  Seeking rest, I laid me down,
Went to sleep among the thousands
  Of a great and busy town.

As the wand'rer o'er the prairie,
  Feels alone upon the plain,
So I laid me down to slumber,
  'Mid the busy crowds of men.

Somewhere, were the notes of gladness,
  Somewhere were the throbs of pain.
Somewhere busy men were counting,
  O'er illgotten piles of gain.

Seemingly alone, forgotten,
  Feelings passing, strange and deep,
Lying down I sought oblivion
  In the stilly arms of sleep.

Hushed, were now the gentle voices,
  Which a little while before
Said good night, so kindly, gently,
As I closed the chamber door.

And my friends, the little children,
Who had kissed me fond good night,
Lying wrapped in love together,
Waited for the morning light.

Thinking of my absent dear one,
Thus to rest I laid me down ;
None who loved me, nor well knew me,
In the thousands of the town.

Stilly slumber, crept upon me,
And the town was all forgot.
Time, the heedless, swift winged monarch
Rushing onward roused me not.

Midnight came, and then a being
Stood before me, fair as day ;
Turned her gentle eyes upon me,
Pressed my forehead tenderly.

Bending softly, sweetly o'er me,
With a touch, almost Divine,
She as knowing, how I loved her,
Pressed her gentle cheek to mine.

O, Cordelia! This fair being,
Wore a form; it was thine own,
And I know where'er I wander,
That I never am alone.

He who gave thee first unto me,
Ever round about me seems,
And, to make me feel His presence,
Brings thee to me, in my dreams.

Childhood's voices broke my slumber,
With a merry youthful glee :
Still thy image lingers with me,
While my heart abides with thee.

AUG 11 1930

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